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THE CRITIC.

OBERMANN.

(SECOND ARTICLE.)

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

ETIENNE PIERRE DE SENANCOUR the author of *Obermann*, was born at Paris in November, 1770, of a family belonging to the middle class. His infancy is described as having been sickly, retired and melancholy. His father was a harsh and despotic man, and between him and his child there seems to have been little sympathy. DE SENANCOUR's whole after life was coloured by the circumstances which chilled and crushed his infancy. What, however, stung his heart stimulated his intellect. His thirst for learning was immense, and his prodigious progress in geography and his appetite for books of travel, set him dreaming of sunny and verdant islands, where the blue of heaven and the blue of ocean were rivals, and yet sisters, and where to be alone was to be happy. Have we not all dreamed such dreams, and does it not often make this earth fresh and radiant to us when our souls are wearied, that we have

still space in our imagination for the Islands of the Blest? After having been at school with a curate at a league from Ermenonville, where memories of ROUSSEAU hovered over and inspired him, he entered college in 1785. Here he remained till July, 1789, educating himself to be a thinker, but entirely neglecting most of the college studies. He is said to have acquired but small skill in making Latin verses, and in other similar accomplishments, while *Malebranche*, *Helvetius* and the philosophical books of the Age had an irresistible charm for him. Whatever of religious faith he carried to college he appears to have lost there. We must not ascribe this result wholly to the combined influences of his metaphysical reading, his painful personal relations and the gloom of solitude, and of solitary thoughts to which his sensitive, shrinking character instinctively turned; but before the outburst of the French revolution unbelief was the chief feature of French society, or rather the belief that as Churches were false Religion was also a falsehood; and how could DE SENANCOUR, constituted as he was, and besides so thwarted in his aspirations, so compressed in his whole being, live in an atmosphere of sneers and negations, of triumphant VOLTAIRE wit, and of dazzling ROUSSEAU sentimentalisms, and yet resist its effects? It was fortunate for DE SENANCOUR that he could turn from his father's scowl to his mother's smile, and that his mother lavished on him all the wealth of her tenderness. In walks with this loving mother in the Forest of Fontainebleau he pictured to her in passionate words his visions of savage life and its delights, and disclosed in language, perhaps, still more enthusiastic, his scheme of settling in some unknown island, whose poetry no blast of artificialism and corruption from Europe had yet reached. SAINTE-BEUVE thinks, that on one occasion, when rambling alone through the forest, DE SENANCOUR chanced upon an old deserted quarry which had been chosen as a place of retirement, by a man who had been employed during thirty years in cutting paving-stones there, and who having neither property nor family rejoiced that bread, water and liberty were his heritage, far from alms and hospitals. This incident, which, however, is only conjecturally given, is supposed to have furnished fresh food to the young dreamer's project of becoming a voluntary CRUSOE on some untrodden realm of illimitable woods, rising radiantly, like NEPTUNE's brow, from the bosom of the Deep. And some time or other, though not exactly in this fashion, DE SENANCOUR seems to have tried to live the life of a hermit. In consequence of a quarrel with his father our author left Paris in August, 1789, for Switzerland. The lake of Geneva first attracted him; he afterwards passed several months at Charrières near Saint Maurice. The spectacle of the Alps produced on him, as on all poetic natures, a profound and lasting effect. At this period, however, he was content to paint Alpine glories with the pencil; it was only afterwards that he aspired to paint them with the pen. In the canton of Fribourg where DE SENANCOUR next resided, he lived with a patrician family at their house in the country. To a lady of that family he was married in September, 1790, when not quite twenty. This marriage must have brought many anxieties with it from events that soon occurred. The French revolution finding him absent, classed him among plotting emigrants, and deprived him of the opulent inheritance to which he had naturally a claim; and the Swiss revolution showed as little mercy to his wife's property. During the complications and troubles which those disasters caused, DE SENANCOUR ventured several times on the bold step of going to see his mother at Paris. On one of these excursions he was subjected to a brief arrest. That good mother, and also his father, he lost in 1796. With scanty and precarious resources, with two children, with a wife pining slowly away under a mortal malady, directly affected by the social and political difficulties of his age and country, without being able to put forth his hand to remedy or to resist, DE SENANCOUR's position must at this time have been in sad contrast with his phantasies of seven years before. He seems to have made occasional journeys to Paris from 1796 to 1799, and to have resided altogether there, though in absolute solitude, from 1799 to 1802. As he was still looked on by the law as an emigrant, of course he was doing something contrary to the law in visiting Paris and in residing there; but he does not appear to have met with any annoyance in consequence.

The years 1802 and 1803 were spent in Switzerland, and it was during those two years that *Obermann* was composed. It was published in 1804. His first work of note entitled *Réveries sur la Nature primitive de l'Homme* had appeared in 1799. This, and all his other principal productions, including *Obermann*, are regarded by his biographers as only fragments of some vast organic book which, previous to the French revolution, he had planned on the destiny of the human race, on the means of promoting human progress, and on the obstacles which that progress encountered in social institutions which had lost all fecund pith and plenitude. It is one of the characteristics of DE SENANCOUR that he was almost the only author of genius in France that continued, in the first half of the nineteenth century, modes of thinking and writing peculiar to the last half of the eighteenth. As BERNARDIN DE SAINT-PIERRE was in some measure the offspring of ROUSSEAU, so DE SENANCOUR might likewise be viewed as the offspring of SAINT-PIERRE; though some Critics deny to DE SENANCOUR, ROUSSEAU's eloquence, and the charm of style which distinguishes SAINT-PIERRE. Apart from their philosophy,—if men living so entirely in phantasy and sentiment could be said to have any,—the chief feature of all three as authors, no less than as men, was their intense sympathy with Nature, and the moral interest which they threw round natural objects. It is this profound yearning for the grand scenes of nature, this powerful delineation of them not alone in their actual aspects but in their moral relations and suggestions, in the religious solemnity, the melancholy beauty poured out upon them by a heart that turned in loathing from social existence as from a madness, a mischief, and a misery, it is herein that we must seek the value of DE SENANCOUR's first book more than in the wisdom, the grasp, or the novelty of its thoughts. But in the crash of arms which had succeeded the fall of an ancient monarchy, and the outbreak of the wildest democratic passions, it was not such merits that were fitted to make the book famous. A year or two after *Obermann* DE SENANCOUR published a work of which the title is briefly *De l'Amour*, one of those productions that are either most unpardonable blunders or most heroic acts according to the manner in which we regard them. It did not steal so quietly into the world as his other publications; if it did not meet with a better reception it met with a stormier. It caused an immense sensation, and produced, we are informed, in some enthusiasm, and in others rage. Its attraction has not been temporary, for it has gone through more editions than any other of DE SENANCOUR's larger writings. His next notable book, printed 1816, was of a polemical kind containing observations on CHATEAUBRIAND's flashy and flimsy *Genie du Christianisme*, and on the writings of DE BONALD, one of the leaders of the Ultramontanist school. Whatever glory those *Observations* brought to DE SENANCOUR, either as a philosopher or a critic, could not be derived from the difficulty of the task. Beyond brilliancy of style CHATEAUBRIAND has nothing whatever to recommend him; his reasoning is absurdly shallow, besides being in general borrowed like his erudition. As to DE BONALD he could not have attained even temporary eminence if the Legitimists had not been so easily satisfied with bad writing and worse philosophy, provided they were seasoned with a due amount of unscrupulous sophistry. In 1818 DE SENANCOUR's affairs, which were already sufficiently perplexed and painful, were aggravated to utter penury by the frustration, through some chicanery, of his attempts to gain possession of a property which was justly and lawfully his. In 1819 he again came before the world with *Libres Méditations d'un Solitaire Inconnu*. This book the admirers of DE SENANCOUR consider as containing the maturest expression of what may be called his system. In the *Réveries* he had given utterance to the gloomiest negations; in *Obermann* he had eloquently breathed most melancholy doubts, but he was no longer the mere denier; in the *Libres Méditations* there is again faith, though more of a theosophic than dogmatic kind. And through these steps most thinkers of the day have passed in whom the religious life is naturally deep and strong, but whose theological convictions have been early loosened. There is first the wild passionate cry of defiance, of scorn, and of hate, not alone at religious forms and traditions, but at the very root and substance of religion. Then when hath spent itself the passion of a soul greatly

wrathful at the deceptions, the pedantries, the Pharisaisms from the bondage of which it hath burst, a season comes of sorrow more than of wrath, and creation instead of glaring spectral through the blackness of the night as a mocking lie half shines, half lowers through a sombre haze as a tragical problem. By mere speculation this problem would never be solved. But the burden and the pang of some terrible social necessity assail the doubter. Grappling with that necessity as a brave man should, he finds when he has conquered it that he is no longer a doubter, that faith has grown up of itself in his heart, and that the commotion of the battle has cleared the pestilential air, and driven away the foul vapors that obscured his vision. Action has often been recommended as a cure for doubt; but it is entirely mistaking the disease to suppose that the doubter can of his own accord adopt such a remedy. Want of faith has generally want of will for one of its causes. A man of will can never be thoroughly a doubter, for if he loses faith in all things else he can never cease to believe in himself. When, therefore, you recommend action to the sceptic as a cure for his scepticism, you are simply committing the consummate absurdity of asking him to will to have a will, to will to have that in which he is most notoriously deficient. It is quite true that action is the cure for doubt; it is no less true that it is always unavailing, and often sounds insulting for any man to recommend action as a remedy to his doubting brother; it is equally true that no doubter could earnestly adopt the recommendation or vigorously and pertinaciously carry it through. This is God's affair, not man's. God has allowed a heart to dwell for a time in the awful eclipse of utter negations; then from that darkness of despair he leads it to the twilight of doubt through which Chaos and Eternal Order are seen contending for the mastery; and then God sends to that lonely but now hoping breast Labours of HERCULES to call forth all its energy to make it valiant, and on its valour, as on a rock, to build the temple of its faith. We should probably thus never have heard of DE SENANCOUR either as a doubter or as a believer but for those grievous misfortunes that befel him. He was tried in the furnace of adversity, and issued therefrom a divinely gifted and a divinely appointed teacher of the noblest and bravest truths; whereas, if the hurricane of the French revolution had not swept over him, and the things and the persons he held the dearest, he would have remained all his life a sickly dreamer of ghastly and blasphemous dreams. In 1827 a work of DE SENANCOUR's which had appeared two years before, drew upon him a government persecution. It was entitled *Résumé des Traditions Morales et Religieuses de tous les peuples*. The charge brought against DE SENANCOUR, on this occasion, is almost too frivolous and ridiculous to be mentioned. It was that of calling him a Sage whom men for many centuries have honoured as far more than a Saint, that of putting him among the wisest whom humble hearts have adored as diviner than the best. This, by the bigots of the Restoration, was considered as an attack on the dogmas of Romanism. Perhaps DE SENANCOUR could not have received a higher testimony to the moral worth of his writings than that afforded by this pitiful prosecution; for was not an accusation so paltry equivalent to a confession that his productions as a whole did homage to the eternal principles of morality and truth? DE SENANCOUR had previously tasted the tender mercies of theocratic fanaticism, his work on CHATEAUBRIAND and DE BONALD having been proscribed by the Censorship. A romance, entitled *Isabelle*, which DE SENANCOUR published in 1833, met with no success, and was roughly handled by the critics. Indeed, for the romance proper, he had no capacity whatever. He was too intensely individual and introspective to give poetic life or dramatic interest to anything that had no relation to his own individuality, to his self-analysing tendencies, to his psychological subtleties and explorings. He knew only one man well, himself; that man he could paint with all the force of thorough knowledge. When he attempted to paint others, what else could be expected but failure? Besides the productions which we have mentioned, DE SENANCOUR is also the author of various other books and pamphlets, which, as being mostly of a subordinate or temporary character, it is unnecessary to enumerate. For many years he was a frequent contributor to periodicals, the *Constitutionnel* and others. He likewise

furnished numerous articles to the *Biographie Universelle et Portative des Contemporains*. Of his two children, a daughter is known and esteemed in France as the author of novels, romances, sketches, and reviews; his son entered the army, in which he attained distinction. At what time DE SENANCOUR finally returned from Switzerland to France we are unable to state; we conclude that it was immediately before the publication of *Obermann*. During the last years of his life he suffered excessively from an accumulation of painful diseases. After having lost the use of his limbs from frequent attacks of gout, he died at Saint Cloud in January, 1846. For some time before his death he received a pension from government. In a description of his appearance printed soon after his decease, we are informed that he was of small stature, and of a slim and delicate make: that his features indicated refinement and nobleness, and retained a youthful air to the most advanced age; that his forehead was broad, with a stamp of frankness on it, and shaded by fair and silky hair. A portrait of him, which lies before us, has an expression of great melancholy. From his solitary mode of life he was intimately known only to a few; but all who were acquainted with him have agreed in praising the beauty of his character, the loftiness of his mind, the generosity of his heart, and in testifying that in him the saint and the sage were one. We are told that he belonged exclusively to no political party, and took no active part in political conflicts; that while his ideas leaned to what is called liberalism, his tastes repelled him from what has been thought, correctly or not, essentially vulgar in democracy. He is represented as having had a complete inaptitude for matters of business, for all the usual affairs of life. And this, in addition to his many misfortunes, contributed its share to render his condition necessitous, and his struggle severe. We should have wished to give our readers a more complete account of DE SENANCOUR, of his career and of his literary labours; for we are aware that that which we have presented is meagre and imperfect in many points. But this does not arise from any want of pains on our part, as we have turned toward and diligently examined every quarter whence information was likely to be obtained. DE SENANCOUR, however, is one of those authors who are read by students and by solitary men like himself, not by the public at large; hence, as there has been no general interest respecting the details of his life, and his life's history, no zeal has been displayed to satisfy a curiosity that did not exist. We trust, however, that we have said enough to serve as an introduction to our notice of *Obermann*.

KENNETH MORENCY.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

EVERY new science is exclusive. It is as extravagant in its pretensions as it is supercilious in the position which it takes, and contemptuous in the language which it uses toward all kindred sciences. A new science is always a new dogmatism and a new form of human intolerance. And it is questionable whether it would make much progress if it were not so. If the fanaticism of its disciples rouses a fierce antagonism it also commands the attention of the world and gives the science an organic existence, and a diffusive empire which it would be otherwise slow in acquiring. A new science is not merely a new truth; it is also a new conviction; only thus can it go forth among men to persuade as well as to illuminate.

Political Economy is a new science; new not so much in the enunciation of its main doctrines, though that is comparatively recent; as in the direct application of these to national growth and welfare. It is yet in the fanatical phase. Its adherents are still zealots, who would trample on the most sacred associations to do it honour, and to exalt it to a monopoly of eminence; its opponents are still bigots who hate it, partly because its claims are so extravagant, and partly because it cuts in pieces their dearest delusions, while leaving them still their ignorance and their errors. If you listen to one class you would believe that Political Economy is the greatest of all discoveries, and the most redeeming of all ideas; to another, and you would conclude that it is the most awful blasphemy that wicked lips have ever uttered against God and Man. To the first it is a Gospel; to the second a pure Satanic agency, stripping old gospels of their beauty and strength.

KENNETH MORENCY.

HISTORY.

Memoirs of the War of Independence in Hungary. By General KLAPKA. Vol. 2. London: C. Gilpin.

IN the first volume of this work, already noticed in THE CRITIC, the history was brought down exactly to that point where the interest became most absorbing. The existence of powerful factions among the Hungarians; the strong contentions among the various nationalities banded together against Austria; and the personal jealousies and defective confidence existing among the leaders of the armies, were all circumstances of such moment, that the events which followed could surprise no one who had attentively considered them. In these jealousies and rivalries, the author of the present memoirs had no share: his position from the first was one of great independence. The impregnable strength of the fortress he commanded, and the influence he was able to exercise over the surrounding districts, rendered the course he should consider it proper to pursue, a point of high interest to the rival leaders; but his own course, from first to last, seems to have been entirely free from the selfishness which was chargeable on the majority of those with whom he was leagued. He held himself aloof from every feud, carefully watched and availed himself of every means of consolidating the national forces; was singly and unwaveringly intent on bringing the war to a successful issue, without reference to its influence on his own fortunes; and behaved with a courage, temper, and discretion, which reflect the highest credit on his character as a soldier, a patriot, and a man. The same impartiality which marked his public conduct, is visible in the account now given to the world of that protracted and eventful struggle, in which he was himself the last man to lay down his arms. His own leanings are, indeed, sufficiently decided; and, after his long refusal to surrender the fortress of Komorn, it was not to be expected that he should speak with approval of GÖRGEY's conduct; but he makes no unfair imputations, and is particularly anxious to disown any connexion with the slanders which, in the fervour of indignation aroused against GÖRGEY, as the supposed betrayer of his country, were so extensively disseminated. The truth itself furnishes matter for grave enough accusation, and KLAPKA confines himself to a simple detail of facts. We give the letter in which GÖRGEY announces his surrender to the Russians at full length:

MY DEAR FRIEND KLAPKA.—Events which, though by no means unexpected, are still decisive, have happened since I saw you last: the jealousy and the selfishness of some members of the Government, have brought affairs to the crisis which I prophesied to you they would bring them to.

When, after many an honest battle with the Russians I had crossed the Theiss at Tokay, I found that the Parliament declared that they desired me to take the chief command. Kossuth appointed him. He did it secretly. The country believed that I was commander-in-chief, for Kossuth returned a jesuitical reply to the motion of the Parliament.

This piece of knavery was the source of all the later events. Dembinski was beaten at Sereg; Bem's troops were routed at Maros Sasárhely.

Dembinski retreated to the walls of Temesvar; Bem hastened to the same place. He arrived on the field of battle at Temesvar, and succeeded in restoring the fight for a few hours; but afterwards he was so fearfully beaten that of 50,000 men (according to Kossuth's calculations) only 6,000 remained in the ranks. Véesey informed me that all the rest were so dispersed.

The Austrians advanced meanwhile between Temesvár and Arad. The War-office had instructed Dembinski to retreat, as of course he ought to have done, upon our own fortress of Arad, and not upon Temesvár, which was held by our enemies. Dembinski—Heaven knows why!—acted in opposition to this order. There are a great many facts which make me believe that he acted from motives of jealousy. He was jealous of me. The consequence was, that I stood alone with the forces which I took from Komorn (*minus* the serious losses I had at Waitzen, Rétság, Görömböly, Zsolna, Geszthely, and Debrezing.) From the south I was threatened by the Austrians, and from the north by the *gros* of the Russian army. I might, indeed, have retreated from Arad by way of Radua into Transylvania, but my affection for my country, and my desire to restore it to peace, at any price, induced me to surrender.

But before taking that step, I convinced the Provisional Government of their inability to save the country, and of the certainty of a still greater ruin if they continued to remain in office: I induced them to resign.

They gave all the powers of the state into my hands: time pressed, and I took the resolution (rash though it seems, it was maturely considered) to make an unconditional surrender to the troops of His Majesty the Czar of Russia.

My brave and gallant troops gave their assent. All the detachments in the vicinity of Arad volunteered to surrender with me. Damjanitsh commanded in Arad: he declared that he would follow my example. Up to the present, the treatment we have met with was such as a brave soldier has a right to expect from a fellow soldier.

Consider what you can do, and what you ought to do.
ARTHUR GÖRGEY.

"Such," says General KLAPKA, "was GÖRGEY's letter. I ought to add, that all other letters which were published, under a pretence that he addressed them to me, are mere inventions."

The real character of the extraordinary man by whom this letter was penned, will long remain matter of controversy. His cold and imperturbable temper, and his reserved unconfiding manners, favoured the notion that so much mystery in his plans could only have arisen from a fear of committing himself, or a desire to veil really treacherous designs. Accordingly, most people, and ourselves among the number, freely enough bestowed on him the name of traitor; yet it may, after all, turn out that we were, in some degree, mistaken. A work lately published has done something to place his character in a new light, and to show that his conduct is at least susceptible of a favourable interpretation. And his is precisely the character to treat false accusation with cold scorn, and to disdain any laboured attempt at exculpation: nor should it be forgotten that, if he really were the traitor he has been regarded, he had it in his power to make a far better bargain for himself than he did make. His not having done so is one of the difficulties of that hypothesis. On the other hand, Kossuth had all that demonstrativeness of character which is usually a feature of the popular idol; and GÖRGEY, who was totally destitute of his popular qualities, was not likely to be gently dealt with, when the policy to which Kossuth gave place, issued in so lamentable a catastrophe. One cannot help hoping that the cloud under which the character of this great soldier rests, may yet be cleared away.

To pass on, however, the next point of commanding interest in this volume is the capitulation of Komorn, and the circumstances which preceded it. An address of KLAPKA's to the garrison had reanimated their courage, which had for a moment wavered: and he thus proceeds with the narrative:

cannot undertake to decide whether it was that the

resolution which my garrison expressed, induced General Haynau for a time to change his nature, or whether he was actuated by his desire to celebrate the 6th October, (the anniversary of Count Latour's murder) in his own way. Later events induce me to believe that it was the near approach of that fatal anniversary which urged him to make his personal appearance at the head of the blockading troops, and that the letter which he addressed to me was, in fact, dictated by his yearning for the blood of his captives.

We shall not quote the letter, which was merely for the purpose of appointing a meeting, in order to agree upon conditions of surrender. We prefer to pass on to a later period, that we may see how KLAPKA was led to this opinion. He says:

The garrison of Komorn surrendered because they were told that their obstinate defence of that fortress alone prevented the Emperor of Austria's reconciliation with Hungary. They were assured that the Austrian colours waving from the battlements of Komorn, would be a signal for the liberation of their captive comrades. It was a signal for the meeting of courts-martial!—The ill-omened colours of Austria were hoisted as a token of their doom.

The surrender of Vilagos filled all the gaols with captives and victims; trials commenced, and some capital sentences were pronounced and executed, when General Haynau and his Seyds were suddenly reminded of the threatening and imposing attitude of Komorn. For a time they were stopped in their bloody career. It was necessary to have recourse to the other alternative of the Hapsburg policy. The Austrian negotiators feared, flattered, and tried to induce the garrison of Komorn to surrender. The penal prosecutions were carried on with the utmost caution. Count Grinne, the Emperor's adjutant, was sent as courier, to respite all prisoners under sentence of death. But, with the surrender of Komorn, the spell was broken, and the hands of the spoiler were turned against his prey.

On the 7th of October a rumour crept through Presburg. It was a word which none dared to breathe aloud—a word which men of all parties muttered with trembling—"LOUIS BATHYANYI HAS BEEN EXECUTED: he suffered at Pesth on the 6th!" None dared to say more—it seemed as if even these words were a crime—as if the statement of that fact were a most atrocious libel!

The news of Batthyanyi's death was still an object of alternate horror and grief, when intelligence came of the death of my gallant comrades at Arad. They, too, met their doom on the 6th of October!

Thus, then, it was clear, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the Austrian Government celebrated the anniversary of Count Latour's assassination by crimes of equal blackness, and still greater cowardice—the blood of Hungarians was shed to atone for the misdeeds of the rabble of Vienna! This, then, was the explanation of Haynau's unaccountable solicitude—this was the cause of his strong desire to expedite the capitulation of Komorn! It was to have his hands free on the anniversary of his Emperor's flight, of the assassination of his colleague, of the all but downfall of the Austrian empire. The humiliation of the Court was to be atoned for by the noblest blood in Hungary! That blood flowed in honour of the ashes of Count Latour! But the contrivers of this scheme forgot that its execution drew upon them the just contempt of the civilized world, that it imposed upon Hungary the sacred duty of revenge, and that the work they did on the 6th of October, 1849, made the favourite idea of "Great and United Austria," henceforth an impossibility.

Yet one more extract, and we have done. The author of these memoirs thus eloquently expresses his hopes for the future of Hungary:

As for Hungary, she were not worth that such men as Batthyanyi, Aulich, Damjanitsh, Csanyi, bled, suffered, and died for her, if she were not to rise again in her strength—if she were not to proceed on the path of civilization and liberty, when the House of Hapsburg-Lorraine, protected from oblivion by its crimes, has indeed become historical. The vitality which, for a thousand years, braved all the storms of adverse fate, will tide the Hungarian nation over the breakers of an

unconscientious policy: what the Tartars, what the Porte, what the old Spanish-Austrian system of policy failed to accomplish, will baffle the arts of men who, for a time, lord it over my unfortunate country. For the life of nations has a power beyond the life of dynasties, and Providence suffers no wrong to be committed without proffering the means of redress. Already has the mark been set on that overbearing family—stricken in body and blasted in mind, they have for centuries been visited with idiocy and epilepsy. Nor have the scorn and contumely of the world been wanting. The name of Hapsburg stands abhorred—detested by the friends of liberty, and despised even by the accomplices of the crimes which it fostered and protected.

This volume of the memoirs is rendered additionally interesting by the personal details it gives as to BATHYANYI and the other martyrs of liberty. It concludes the account with this emphatic sentence:—"This is the manner in which Austria celebrated the 6th October, 1849." It is with much sickness of heart that we have gone with our author through the last acts of that bloody and horrible tragedy.

A. R.

BIOGRAPHY.

A Continuation of the Memoirs of a Working Man; illustrated by some Original Sketches of Character. London: Cox. 1850.

At the time of their appearance, *The Memoirs of a Working Man* attracted no little attention. They were, indeed, a sort of literary phenomenon; but a phenomenon which we trust the spread of education will rapidly render less rare and less wonderful. The present volume, while it contains all the good sense and good feeling of the former, and is characterised by the same correctness of style, and animated by the same manly, hopeful, spirit, has still less of personal interest—of anything upon which one could bestow the term, "Autobiography." It ought, in fact, to have been entitled, the *opinions*, rather than the *Memoirs*, of a working man. Being such as we have described it, it offers no opportunity for a continuous sketch such as we are in the habit of making of biographical works, and we must, therefore, content ourselves with transcribing such detached passages as we think may best convey to our readers a correct impression of the work. We shall premise, that, for the most part, the opinions of the Working Man are sound and sensible, though his reflections are occasionally prosy, devoid of novelty, and too long spun out. Their interest is not so much positive as relative. It will be a happy day for England when such opinions and feelings shall animate the mass of her people. No need then for legislative reform; for from within, the People shall have effected for themselves a glorious moral and intellectual revolution, from which must spring the noblest institutions, the happiest social relations. It seems that the Working Man's principal motive in publishing his earlier work, was the "stern necessity" of providing for wife and children, which, in his case, his infirmities rendered no easy task. In the difficulty of finding a publisher for his "Memoirs," he bethought himself, at last, of applying to a well-known literary gentleman who had formerly befriended him, and who now afforded hope of being able to forward his views, on the condition that he should produce his materials in a more condensed form than they at that time possessed. In consequence, he was obliged to re-write his work. Such is the account he gives of the allotment of his time during the prosecution of this not very agreeable task:

As I then slept very ill, I was usually not a little weary of the night: and consequently had been driven to several expedients for whiling away its tedious hours. I was, therefore, not unwilling to find a fair occasion for rising very early, and I now generally did so, seldom being in bed later than four o'clock, A.M. My great susceptibility of cold, and other infirmities, rendered a fire and some other accommodations necessary immediately after I rose, and as I could not allow myself to disturb any one at so unseasonable an hour, I provided them for myself, and then went to work. By breakfast time, I had usually got through a fair portion of my task. After breakfast, I commenced my daily occupation of tailoring and other employments, among which was that of educating my youngest son; and also held myself in readiness to meet any other demands which might be made upon my time or attention. These were often not a few, while they usually involved a considerable amount of anxiety or perplexity, most of them having relation to the immediate wants of my household. While thus employed, I had but little time to give to my literary task, yet I did what I could; I took it in hand whenever I had a respite from other duties, and thus generally made some progress in it during the day. I had to encounter one hinderance which I could not possibly avoid. This arose from my being forced to take an hour's rest in the afternoon of each day, in order to recover from the weariness and feebleness which never failed to come upon me soon after noon. After this I was commonly somewhat more fit for both thinking and acting. When I had got through all my other business, I again gave my undivided attention to my manuscript, and by the time that I put it aside it had usually received some considerable amount of rather severe treatment, page after page having been wholly cancelled, closely-written pages reduced to brief paragraphs, and long paragraphs melted down into short sentences.

In his present publication, the Working Man reviews his reviewers—rather a novel proceeding, at least in the body of a work, but one which is not without its advantage. In his remarks on a notice of the book which appeared in *The Apprentice*, he gives us rather a disheartening picture of the moral condition of his class:

Glad, indeed, should I be were I to know that my fellow-craftsmen have derived from the "Memoirs" all that mental and moral good which this gentleman (his reviewer) believes such publications are adapted to be the instruments of communicating. I bear willing testimony to the large amount of intellectual power and the very creditable acquirements of many among my fellow-workmen; but I must not conceal the humiliating fact, that these, otherwise superior men, are commonly very deficient in regard to moral feeling, and consequently, lamentably negligent of moral duties and obligations. Most of them pay no regard whatever to the Sunday; that day, invaluable as it is as a day of bodily rest, of mental instruction, and of moral amelioration, is either spent in working, wasted in listlessness, or prostituted to the purposes of grossly sensual pleasure. The few who give any attention to religious questions are, with but few exceptions, either sceptics or decided and reckless unbelievers; while among the still smaller number who profess to be religious men, there are not wanting such as, by their inconsistent lives, give ample occasion for "stumbling" to unstable minds; and moreover, greatly to confirm their doubting or infidel brethren in their respective errors.

In answer to a regret in *Chambers's Journal*, "that the author of the 'Memoirs' had not been more explicit with regard to his name and birth-place, he throws now more light upon the subject, although he does not state either in distinct terms.

As regards my own name, I may remark that it is one which belongs to a very humble, yet ancient, if not primitive occupation. It is derived from that of a vehicle which came into use very soon after our "rude forefathers" began to apply themselves to the cultivation of the ground and the exchange of commodities. Both the vehicle and the occupation named therefrom soon became very generally known and used, and,

therefore, when our names were adopted, which names were, in many instances, drawn from the occupations of those who adopted them, it was quite natural that the name in question should not only come into use, but also become very common. It is still, as might be expected, a somewhat common name; so common, indeed, and moreover bespeaking so humble an origin, that several families feeling (as it would seem) a little scandalized thereat, have ventured to alter its orthography by adding one or more letters, so as to conceal, in some degree, the fact of their having sprung from such an ignoble state; yet after all their care and trouble the original appellation may be recognised. But passing by this, perhaps, pardonable weakness, I now come to indicate the name of my "native town." If I am rightly instructed as regards its derivation, it is made up of two distinct words—the latter being the old word for "city," the former the name of an ancient British prince, concerning whom it has long been said or sung that he "was a merry old soul." The town is large and populous. It is a borough returning two members to Parliament.

He then proceeds to describe minutely the city and its environs, continuing, however, to refrain from mentioning its name, as he had previously forborne to mention his own, stating as his reasons:

I still wish to wear something of a mask, though it be only a partial one and worn loosely, and shall therefore adopt such a mode of expressing myself as will give the reader a little, but only a little (and, it may be not unpleasant) trouble to interpret.

We cannot avoid thinking that there is something undignified and childish in the writer of a serious book propounding such a riddle as the above to his readers. Why not at once have declared both names? As he says himself, the mask is but a "partial one;" and it is so loosely worn that it was hardly worth while to wear it at all. Among others, he also remarks upon a notice which appeared in *The Critic* of August 2, 1845. We do not remember the notice he refers to, as our connexion with this journal did not commence till some time after the above period, but sure we are that our fellow-reviewer, whoever he may be, will be right glad to hear that the working man considers his notice to have been written in a "kindly and liberal spirit;" and that he will also rejoice to be set right with regard to one or two errors into which he has fallen, possibly from some want of explicitness on the part of the author. The two first of these are, that the reviewer does not give due credit to him for the prominence of his regard for the partner of his life, as displayed in the "Memoirs;" and that he imagines him still to be a member of the associating body to which his family belonged. The third is the only mistake of any moment. We here subjoin the author's refutation of it:

I much regret that this mistake has been made—first, because of the necessity which it imposes upon me to complain of a gentleman for whom I cannot but feel a high degree of respect; and secondly, because its tendency is to give the reader of the "Memoirs" a widely erroneous notion of their author's religious principles and feelings. The passage in which this mistake occurs is as follows: "One defect of his mind, originating in a bad state of society, is the absence of strong distinctive, religious feeling: in calamity, his main support is in a philosophical, not a religious resignation. This is connected in all probability with the fact that no mention is made of any minister of religion as interesting himself in the spiritual or temporal well-being of the working man. This is bad: the poor man who is to be rendered better and wiser by books of this nature ought to have his thoughts more frequently directed to Him who careth for the poor." On this passage I must remark that I am unable to determine whether or not I rightly understand what is meant by the phrase "strong distinctive and religious feeling."

I suppose, however, that the emphasis is intended to be placed upon the word "distinctive," as I can hardly believe the reviewer could intend to represent the writer of the "Memoirs as being destitute of even a 'strong' religious feeling;" since he was far too explicit upon this point to be easily misunderstood. I therefore confine my remarks to the word "distinctive." If by this term he meant that exclusive attachment to the doctrines, the discipline, or the ritual of any one section of the Christian Church, which either prompts or allows feelings of hostility (or even so much as of dislike) towards the members of other sections of that church; I freely confess that I neither have or wish to have such feelings; on the contrary, if I had the least suspicion that they would come upon me, I should, as a matter of strict duty, endeavour to be on my guard against them; as being not only inconsistent with true Christian charity, but also, as having in them the very essence of a deadly sin. . . . Further, it should be borne in mind that there is something very suspicious about that show of an exclusive preference for newly adopted forms or opinions, which is so frequently, and sometimes so very offensively, made by recent proselytes, and which, therefore, ought to be carefully avoided. When, moreover, it is remembered that the working man was brought up among some of the strictest Dissenters from the Church of England, and that he is now, from a sober conviction of its just merits, friendly to episcopacy, it may perhaps be allowed him to cherish feelings of good-will towards such as are not within the pale of the established church, without being set down as culpable for not having a "strong, distinctive, religious, feeling."

Now we feel perfectly certain, not only from the principles which have been advocated by this Journal from its commencement, and which, though we trust not latitudinarian, have ever been catholic, but from the construction of the objectionable sentence itself, that the opinion expressed does not rest on sectarian grounds; but that the second clause of the sentence furnished the true explanation of the assertion contained in the first. The reviewer thinks the author deficient in "distinctive religious feeling," because, "in calamity, his main support is in a philosophical, not a religious resignation," and not because he is or is not a member of this or that sect of the Christian Church. But the Working Man enters into a defence of his motives on this head also, and we think shows satisfactorily that not only is his resignation the offspring of faith in the wisdom and love of the Unseen; but that he is able as well as willing to give a reason for the hope that is in him. The following, we think, explains the mistaken view of his principles taken by the reviewer:

I did not intend to make the "Memoirs" bear the aspect of what is called a "religious book;" and therefore I advisedly abstained from the frequent introduction of religious topics. I was led to adopt this plan by a wish not to give a repulsive air or character to a book which I wished to be read by those for whose welfare I felt concerned, but who, as I judged, would not be very likely to read it if it dwelt much, or very plainly, upon the grave subjects connected with religion.

Our next extract is remarkable for the good sense it displays:

Above all things, it should be well understood and remembered that there can be no permanent amelioration of the people's domestic or social condition until their moral constitution is so far renovated as to allow their mental energies to be brought into a state of healthy and well directed action. The work of genuine reformation must begin with individuals, and in every case, it must begin at the heart, or there can be no permanent good effect intended. All that may be done, either in the way of political reform or social improvement, will be of no real utility unless the public mind be previously well instructed in the principles of genuine truth and goodness. The work of communicating, or rather of disseminating these principles, where the soil has hitherto remained unbroken, will assuredly prove

both laborious and difficult. The accumulated ignorance of many centuries is not to be removed in a day, nor by any but the most strenuous and persevering efforts. To such as are duly qualified for this great work, I need say nothing as to the ineffectiveness of all human efforts, unless they be directed and aided by Him who is at once "wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working." But I forbear to enlarge; observing, however, that thus far my remarks have been confined to that large class of persons which, although thoroughly ignorant and fearfully depraved, nevertheless forms the foundation upon which rests the whole social edifice. How perilous must be the condition of that edifice, while its basis is thus unsound, and, moreover, pregnant with combustible matter, I will not attempt to show; I will, however, venture to recommend the subject to the most serious consideration of the Christian philanthropist, whatever may be his rank in society. Instances of the ignorance and viciousness which abound in the class to which I refer, have often come under my notice. In some cases, I have endeavoured to ascertain something of the individual's intellectual and moral state; and the result has been such as to convince me that we have among us a multitude of beings whose chief claim to be regarded as human, seems to consist in their external form, so completely are their understandings blinded, and the will corrupted. The difficulty of dealing with these formidable evils is much increased by the fact, that they are not confined to the lowest class of the people. They prevail to no trifling extent among the classes that occupy a superior rank. Thus among mechanics, and other handicraftsmen, vast numbers are almost totally ignorant upon the supremely important subjects of morals and religion.

These are melancholy statements, and the more melancholy when we consider the quarter from which they proceed, and the superior advantages possessed by the Working Man for being acquainted with the facts of which they treat. Such are the opinions of the Working Man on the subject of Mendicity:

Dismissing this subject I now turn to one which, during the course of the last few years, has often been forced upon my attention. This is mendicity, which, besides being in itself a public evil, is the parent of other and greater evils. Of course, I refer only to what may be called professional begging, or the mendicity of sturdy beggars. There are few people, except the sufferers, who are aware of the frequency and the pertinacity with which infirm persons in London are assailed by the able-bodied mendicants who infest the public thoroughfares: these beggars are not only troublesome, but are also sometimes a cause of considerable fear. I have often been assailed by them when it was evident that I could not take care of myself, and in one instance had much fear of being robbed if not otherwise ill-treated. Sometimes, however, I have succeeded in making these people instrumental in furnishing me with knowledge concerning the "art and mystery" of professional begging. By putting questions that were not of the usual kind, and which did not clearly show what I was aiming at, I have been able to extract such answers as I wished for, and thus I have by degrees collected a goodly amount of information, which I think may fairly be deemed credible, and which at a future time may perhaps be made useful. I must not, however, allow myself now to dwell upon it, as I wish, before I pass on to other subjects, to state my opinion concerning the question of public begging. As regards really necessitous persons who are known to be of good character, I think that these ought to be allowed to beg in their respective parishes, and, moreover, that they should be treated in a courteous manner. Nothing should be either said or done to make them conscious of being considered as degraded beings, for there is really nothing degrading in a truly necessitous person asking for the benevolent aid of others, any more than there is in the ignorant asking for instruction, or the sick and diseased praying for medical assistance. So long as it is known that the petitioners have been unavoidably reduced to a state of want, and that what is given to them will be frugally, I cannot but think that they should be left at full liberty to request the help of their richer brethren, who, in relieving cases like these will find that the blessing promised in Holy

Writ, to those who consider the poor, is not withheld from themselves. I am inclined to believe that a much less amount of money than that which is extorted by the huge crowds of able-bodied professional mendicants, would suffice to give all needful help to the class of deserving beggars; meanwhile, those who voluntarily live by begging should be made to forego their calling, and be placed under an effective control; they should be required to work regularly and diligently, and failing to do so, should be subjected to such correction as might be likely to bring them into orderly and industrious habits. If due attention were to be given to this matter, there could, as I believe, be full and suitable employment found for them without damaging the interests of well-deserving work-people; and as their numbers under a proper system of management, would be likely to undergo a gradual decrease, there would probably come a time when the community would be relieved from the burden of maintaining an army of mendicants.

C. J. D.

Memoirs and Papers of Sir Andrew Mitchell, K. B., Envoy Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary from the Court of Great Britain to the Court of Russia, from 1756 to 1771. By ANDREW BISSET, of Lincoln's-inn, Barrister-at-Law. In 2 vols. London. 1850.

LITERATURE ought to be very much obliged to the editors who prepare, and the publishers who produce heavy books of this class, which few are likely to buy, fewer still to read, but which are valuable as storehouses whence future historians will take a vast amount of information to be obtained nowhere beside, and work it into a more pleasing, popular, and readable form. Sir ANDREW MITCHELL was employed in an important mission at an interesting era, and he performed his work with considerable ability. He was an eye-witness in the Court of FREDERICK the Great, and his correspondence has preserved many traits of the private life and palace intrigues of the philosopher king, which will be invaluable to historians. But we fear that the busy and overburdened readers of our own time will not be likely to wade through such a mass of type as is here presented to them, for the sake of those portions only that have a personal interest of the nature of anecdotes. Sir ANDREW's letters are, it must be confessed, generally very dull: to a grain of wheat there is a bushel of chaff.

Sir ANDREW was born in 1708, at Edinburgh. He was bred to the Bar, practised for a short time, married,—his wife died, then he abandoned his profession and took to travelling, making languages and international law his study. In 1742, he was made Under-Secretary of State for Scotland. In 1756 he was appointed Envoy to the King of Prussia. He sat in three Parliaments, and died in 1771.

Such is the outline of his career. It is entirely for his correspondence and papers during the period of his embassy that his name is preserved, and that these volumes are published. As it is a work we can scarcely expect to be seen or bought by many of our readers, they will probably prefer to peruse some of the more interesting passages. If the two volumes had been reduced to one by elision of half the contents, it would have had a better prospect of a sale than it can now hope for.

Let us first take a peep at

THE ROYAL AUTHOR.

About a week ago, when I came to dine with the King of Prussia, I found a book laid upon the table, which, he told me, he intended for a present to me; the title of it is, "Œuvres du Philosophe de Sans Souci."

He said it was of his writing, and had been the occupation of his leisure hours; that it contained some imitations of Horace, Lucretius and Ovid; that he never intended it for the public, though a few copies of it had been thrown off in his own press at Potsdam, some of which he had given to particular friends, &c.; that lately the book had been surreptitiously published in France, and since in Holland, with a view to hurt him, but that he had not yet been able to discover who had been guilty of this breach of trust; that, in reprinting, several things were omitted, altered, or mangled, which laid him under the necessity of having it again printed more correctly and carefully; and he was pleased to add, that, so soon as the new edition was ready, he would give me a copy, which I shall not fail to send to your Lordship. In the meantime he desired me to read over that he gave me, and drop a hint that he should be glad it was known in England "that this book had been published, not only without his consent, but against his will." This declaration I considered as a sort of apology for the book, and had nothing more at heart than to look into it immediately; but my curiosity had like to cost me dear, for the *Philosophe* the next day asked my opinion, and, observing that I was shy and reserved upon the point, pressed and encouraged me to speak freely, which I not caring to dissemble, complied with more easily, as there are really more things to be admired than blamed in the book. I praised with decency and without exaggeration, and blamed with freedom where I thought I was well founded; and this has afforded matter of conversation for five or six days at table, when only his Majesty was present. The particulars are too minute to be transmitted, therefore I reserve them till I have the happiness to see you in England. It is but justice, however, to acquaint you that the King heard with candour and with temper my trifling remarks, and, at the same time, to declare, that of all the authors I ever conversed with, *Philosophe de Sans Souci* bears criticism the best.

Gentle critic! Generous monarch! Among the contents are two letters from BOSWELL—that greatest of small men, as MACAULAY calls him. He was just arrived at manhood, and upon the grand tour, as it was termed, which every gentleman was expected to take. It is an elegant composition, and will exalt him in the opinion of the reader.

AN EPISTLE BY BOSWELL.

Your departure is a good deal unlucky for me, not only as it deprives me of conversation which gave me uncommon pleasure, and insensibly accustomed me to rational thinking and honourable sentiment, but because I now particularly stand in need of your prudent and kind counsel with respect to my travels. I have had another letter from my father, in which he continues of opinion that travelling is of very little use, and may do a great deal of harm. I shall not repeat what I have formerly said of my father's particular character. I say particular, for rarely will you find a man of so excellent a frame of body, and so noble a mind, as to have passed through life with uniform propriety of conduct.

For my own part, I own that I am not such a favourite of nature.

Think not that I intend to plead machinery and escape from the censure due to the faults which I have committed. I only would have you to consider that judgment is a natural gift as well as imagination, and force of mind in a great measure independent of our endeavours. Think of me as I am, and pronounce accordingly. I esteem and love my father, and I am determined to do what is in my power to make him easy and happy. But you will allow that I may endeavour to make him happy, and at the same time not be too hard upon myself. I must use you so much with the freedom of a friend, as to tell you that with the vivacity which you allowed me, I have a melancholy disposition. To escape from the gloom of dark speculation, I have made excursions into the fields of amusement, perhaps of folly. I have found that amusement and folly are beneath me, and that without some laudable pursuit, my life must be insipid and wearisome; I therefore took the resolution of leaving London, and settled myself for the winter at Utrecht, where I recovered my inclination for study and rational thinking. I then laid my account with travelling a couple of years,

but found my father's views to be entirely different. You saw the letter which I wrote to him from this, and I flatter myself that you approved of it. I cannot expect his answer for some weeks. In the meantime, he tells me that he would not oppose my passing another winter at Utrecht; so that he does not grudge the time which I ask. As for the money, I should think, for one year, a little extraordinary expense is not thrown away, when it is also to be considered that what I spend now I shall not have some years hence. My father seems much against my going to Italy, but gives me leave to go from this and pass some months in Paris. I own that the words of the Apostle Paul, "I must see Rome," are strongly borne in upon my mind. It would give me infinite pleasure; it would give me taste for a lifetime, and I should go home to Auchinleck with serene contentment. I am no libertine, and have a moral certainty of suffering no harm in Italy. I can also assure you that I shall be as moderate as possible in my expenses. I do not intend to travel as a *Mi Lord Anglais*, but merely as a scholar and a man of elegant curiosity; and I am told that in that character I may live in Italy very reasonably. I obviate your objection of my being obliged to live like others, by assuring you that I have none of that second-rate ambition which actuates most young men of fortune upon their travels. After passing four months on classic ground I would come through France, and go home, as I said to my father, *uti conveia satur*.

Now, sir, tell me fairly if I am unreasonable. Upon my honour I cannot think that I am. I give you my word that my father's inclinations shall be as inviolable laws to his son. But don't you think I may first remonstrate, before I consider an act as passed? Don't you think that rather than go home contrary to what I much desire, and cannot help thinking very proper; don't you think it worth while to humour me so far as to allow me my year and a reasonable sum, after which I return clear and contented without any pretence for my gloomy disposition to murmur at? I would beg, sir, that you may write to my father your opinion as to this matter, and put it in the light which you may think it deserves. In the meantime, I can see little advantage to be had at Berlin. I shall, however, remain here a fortnight, after which I intend passing by Mannheim, and one or two more of the German courts, to Geneva. I am there at the point from whence I may either steer to Italy or to France. I shall see Voltaire. I shall see also Switzerland and Rousseau. These two men are to me greater objects than most statues or pictures.

FREDERICK has been charged with utter want of heart. He had some affections, however, as is proved by this account of his conduct on the death of the Queen mother:

So soon as the King had notice of the death of the Queen Mother, he for two days had no levée: the princes only dined with him. He sent for me in the afternoon and I had the honour to sit with him several hours. He appeared to me to be extremely affected with the death of the Queen Mother—complained that his misfortunes came too thick to be borne; he then was pleased to tell me a great deal of the private history of his family; of the manner in which he had been educated, owning at the same time the loss he felt for the want of proper education, blaming his father, but with great candour and gentleness, and acknowledging that in his youth he had been *bien étouffé*, and deserved his father's indignation, which, however, the late King, from the impetuosity of his temper, had carried too far. He told me that by his mother's persuasion and that of his sister of Bayreuth, he had given a writing under his hand, declaring that he never would marry any other person but the Princess Amelia of England; that this was wrong, and provoked his father. He said he could not excuse it, but from his youth and want of experience; that his promise unhappily was discovered, the late Queen Caroline, to whom it was sent, having shown or spoke of it to General Diemar. He had betrayed the secret to Seckendorff, who told it to the King of Prussia; upon this discovery, and his scheme of making his escape, his misfortunes followed. He told me, with regard to making his escape, that he had long been unhappy and harshly used by his father; but what made him resolve upon it was, that one day his father struck him, and pulled him by the hair, and in this dishevelled condition he was obliged to pass the parade, that from

that moment he had resolved, *coute qui coute*, to venture it. That during his imprisonment at Custrin he had been treated in the harshest manner; brought to the window to see Katt beheaded; that he fainted away. That [Katt] might have made his escape and saved himself, the Danish minister having given him notice, but he loitered, he believed, on account of some girl he was fond of.

He said the happiest years of his life were those he spent at Rheinsberg, a house he had given to his brother, Prince Henry. There he retired after his imprisonment, and remained till the death of the late King. His chief amusement was study, and making up for the want of education by reading, making extracts, and conversing with sensible people and men of taste that were then about him. He talked much of the obligations he had to the Queen Mother, and of his affection to his sister the Margravine of Bareuth, with whom he had been bred. He observed that the harmony that had been maintained in his family was greatly owing to the education they had had, imperfect and defective in many things, but good in this, that all the children had been brought up, not as princes, but as the children of private persons.

But he could bear himself as a philosopher when in difficulties. Here we see

FREDERICK IN TROUBLE.

The celerity of his march, and the terror of his name, have struck the French and the army of the Empire with a panic, and disconcerted their affairs, at least for some time; but they are already three times as strong, and their numbers are daily increasing, it is probable they will soon return towards this place, in which case, it is thought we must retire towards *Leipsic* or *Halle*, in order to be at hand to join the detachments which have been made to Torgna and Halberstadt which altogether will form a corps of about 27m, including those that were in garrison in those places. The Prussian army is so scattered in small corps in Saxony, that I fear they may be surrounded or overpowered by numbers, and this must have happened six weeks ago, had the great Austrian army acted with spirit. The King of Prussia bears his misfortunes with great magnanimity, and though they come very thick one upon another, he never appears discouraged or disconcerted. He, even in public, shows a cheerfulness and easiness of mind, difficult to be maintained in such circumstances. He sees and feels at the same time the desperate situation of his affairs, but his resentments are stronger than his political principles.

Lastly, we take a very curious narrative relating to

VOLTAIRE'S CORRESPONDENCE.

Two days ago, happening to dine with his Prussian Majesty alone, I threw out, by way of conversation, some reflections on the indignity with which Monsieur de Choiseul had treated Baron Edelsheim, charged with a letter of credence. To this the King of Prussia, after mentioning with some warmth the weakness and absurdity of the French ministers, replied that Baron Edelsheim had, properly speaking, no letter of credence, but only a letter from minister to minister, in which even a blank was left for the inserting of his name in case there should be occasion; and he added, that as to the seizure of the Baron's papers, which was the only reasonable motive for arresting of him, the French would be disappointed if they expected to make discoveries by them, for he had given the Baron no written instructions, and they would only find a particular cypher, which was of no consequence.

I then took the liberty to observe that some late letter his Prussian Majesty had written, which had fallen into the French Ministers' hands, seemed to give great offence. His Prussian Majesty replied, "I have wrote no letter but one to Voltaire." I ventured to say, "Perhaps your Majesty may have in that letter made use of strong expressions with regard to the Duke de Choiseul." He answered, "No; I think I made use of this proverbial phrase, that the Duke de Choiseul was possessed by ten millions of Austrian devils;" that as to the rest, he had told Voltaire he would keep to his alliance with England, and that if the French had a mind for peace they must speak out plainly; and he said that this letter to Voltaire was an answer to one he had received from him, in which Voltaire had

assured him that the French ministers were perfectly well disposed towards a peace.

I think proper to acquaint your lordship minutely with every circumstance concerning this affair, which I wish may agree with the accounts received from other parts, but I cannot help adding that the King of Prussia's correspondence with Voltaire has, on this and former occasions, given me some uneasiness and suspicion; for I believe the court of France make use of the artful pen of Voltaire to draw secrets from the King of Prussia, and when that prince writes as a wit, and to a wit, he is capable of great indiscretions. But what surprises me still more is, that whenever Voltaire's name is mentioned, his Prussian Majesty never fails to give him the epithets he may deserve, which are the worst heart and greatest rascal now living; yet with all this he continues to correspond with him. Such in this prince is the lust of praise from a great and elegant writer, in which, however, he will at last be the dupe; for by what I hear, from good authority, of Voltaire's character, he may dissemble, but never can nor never will forgive the King of Prussia for what has passed between them.

E. C.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Seven Years' Service on the Slave Coast of Western Africa. By Sir HENRY HUNTLEY, Author of "Peregrine Scramble." In 2 volumes. Newby. 1850.

SIR HENRY seems to have had a manifold object in view when he wrote this book. He wished to show the world what it so well knew before, that a sensible man will encounter many dangers and difficulties to gain a respectable livelihood, and that the African squadron is really of no service in suppressing the slave trade. He has also given a number of pictures of a country little known, and a people only partially understood, and his book forms an acceptable continuation of his *Peregrine Scramble*, though not, like that, dressed up in the form of fiction.

SIR HENRY has for some years been governor of the settlements on the Gambia, having previously governed only a vessel. His duty as captain took him among slavers, which he captured occasionally—as governor, his associates have been more select; and hence his record gains in variety as much as he gained in dignity. His sailings along the coast gave him opportunities of watching life of all kinds, in the settlements; and his potential office brought him into contact with lofty chiefs and other of the aristocracy of the country. Throughout, the narrative is attractive, because new. Humour and sprightliness are helps of which Sir HENRY has well availed himself, and they are natural to him.

As we can neither fully detail Sir HENRY's reasons for believing the African Squadron to be a political swindle and a practical fallacy—nor describe how he held mighty converse with Black kings—nor display him as the wolf-like chaser of the smuggler who deals in human beings—nor show how he proves government complicity in the dark doings on the Western Coast; we will be content to let our readers judge of his manner and gain a desire for more of his pleasant writing, by quoting a few passages.

As may be supposed, native customs occupy many pages, and the descriptions are not too literal to be racy. Terror and commiseration are alike awakened by the account of

A CALABAR'S DEATH.

Whenever the chief of the old Calabar intends to marry, as the union is called here, or supposed to be dying, he selects such of his women as have been most pleasing to him during the period of life he has passed, either to be fatted for a bride, or otherwise to accompany him through the medium of the grave to his avocation

in the next world, whatever that might be; but according to the learned of Calabar, a thin wife in those unknown regions is held on such occasions to bring discredit upon the mode of life followed by the chief who is now to become a member of their society; if he walked in with seven lank wives, he would be looked upon as a niggardly wretch, quite unworthy of the high station he had filled in the annals of the Calabar rulers, to avoid which, and purely in deference to the opinions of his new companions, a certain number of wives are put up to fat, and very much after the manner in which turkeys are fattened in England; neither the wife nor the turkey has anything whatever to say in the matter, both are "crammed" long after all disposition to swallow has subsided, and curiously enough, the system seems to answer equally well in either instance.

Upon the present occasion seven young and well-conditioned wives were shut up in separate small apartments, every comfort and luxury which the attendants could provide and their minds suggest, were lavishly supplied in order to induce inactivity and flesh; towards the advance of the former nature had done much, and under a still and stuffing process the negro rapidly acquires a vast addition to her original charms, and those lines which the European deems graceful and fascinating are in the Calabar utterly exterminated in the wife upon whom a preparation for eternity has been inflicted, to arrive at a fit state for which she should as near as may be in every respect resemble the consistency of sweet-bread. There is not much difficulty about the wives, for they are from infancy brought up to consider themselves altogether at the disposal of the men, and never dream of opposing themselves to their views, whatever those may be; so seven were selected for their comeliness and youth (the duke [a chief called Duke Ephraim] himself being something upwards of seventy), and as has been said shut up for fattening.

The fears of the Duke became more and more apparent, he repeatedly and anxiously enquired into the condition of his seven wives, and was much relieved by being assured of their progress towards the sweet-bread climax, an intimation indeed which uniformly procured the duke some tranquil sleep. In the meantime the ministers of the duke's government felt every day their tenure of life weaker and weaker; it was with horror they observed the legs of their master swelling, and a flabby, loaded skin hanging over, rather attaching to his person; at length the appetite began to fail, the fried fish, monkey hotch-potch, and herring flavoured couscous ceased to attract him, and a palm oil ship having arrived, the person called the surgeon was requested to attend the duke. At length the voice of wailing was heard within the precincts of the duke's mud-walled palace, and the tom-tom's incessant monotonous note varied the wild shrieks of despair, with which the demise of a duke of Calabar is always accompanied by those of his household. Duke Ephraim was no more! and preparations were in progress for his interment. During the time, however, that the corpse is above ground, the residence of the deceased is filled with people who come ostensibly to bewail the loss, and accordingly shriek, howl, sing, and leap, to express their intensity of grief, or to evince their respect for the departed in a public sense,—this is ostensibly the cause of the attendance, but the real object in view is to prevent the escape of those who are constitutionally to be sacrificed; a collateral object originates in the degree of civilization to which trade has elevated them,—this is, a desire to appropriate whatever they can of the loose effects of the defunct, and to feast ruthlessly upon what is rudely laid out for the occasion, until overcome by the effect of bad brandy, porter, and palm wine.

After a time, when every thing is prepared for the burial of the departed chief, those to whom were entrusted the conduct of public affairs are led out to be sacrificed; the burial and execution are attended by anything rather than the emblems of mourning, and it is often the case that he is laid beneath the floor of his own residence; this gives but little trouble, as the ground is neither covered with brick, stone, wood, or anything else; it is the soil itself which forms the floor of an African native residence; there is also a feeling very much in favour of this method of disposing of the mortal remains of the dukes of Calabar. With reference to the ministers who are happy enough to be selected as his attendants in the next world, they are, after having been sacrificed, deposited in some convenient spot, from whence they may without much trouble resume their offices about the ghost of their late master; the method of depriving these officials of life is varied, generally from two to four are thought a sufficient staff to accompany the duke under his change of circumstances.

With respect to the wives, who, however, are kept till they have arrived at a condition far surpassing the

show cattle of royalty, and others, in England, they are generally permitted to leave the world without violence being done to the beauty of their persons, and the most popular method is swallowing poison, a decoction of which is made from the fruit of a tree found in profusion in this locality; after having taken a basin of it, the happy bride sinks into a lethargic state, apparently suffers no pain, and to all appearance she withdraws unconsciously into the grave, to meet again the chief of her heart, who is now supposed to have undergone a perfect restoration to youth and vigour. The women are utterly passive during this preparatory stage, nor do they appear to dread the day when they shall be declared fat enough to be sent to the embrace of their chief, from whom they have been for a time separated. None have been known to refuse food for the purpose of deferring their immolation; on the contrary, they have, while fattening, uniformly maintained a cheerful manner and fearless view of their certain fate.

Some other races of chiefs are not so exacting, but are content to go to their last account, unattended either by fat wives or learned parsons. The Cameroon chiefs, however, take strict measures to ensure that their slaves shall not outrun them in the mortal race. As these have been in life oppressed toilers, so does the faith of the country demand that they shall in death become the aerial watchers over the shade of the departed great one.

DEATH OF THE CAMEROON CHIEF.

As soon as the death has taken place, a certain number of strong stakes are driven in a line, far and firmly into the ground, one for each slave to be sacrificed; at a distance to form an acute angle, from the highest end of the stake, a crook, formed from the fork of a tree, is also firmly driven into the ground; these preparations being complete (for the chief is all this time thought to be angrily waiting for his slaves, though nothing could be done before his death had taken place, because his demise must not be thought at all probable at any time,) from one hundred slaves to any number that the popularity of the chief may have suggested, or the slave ships have left, are brought out, they are fastened to the stakes, the body and arms being bound to them tightly with rope; a noose is then formed of another rope, which is placed round the upper part of the head of the unfortunate victim, the other end being rove in the crook, which is then strained down with all the strength of two or three men, appointed to perform this horrid duty, by which means the sinews of the back of the neck are exposed and rendered rigid; when this is completed, which if the sacrifice is large occupies some time, the first wretched creature, during the interval, suffering pain that makes ultimate death a relief to him, an inhuman savage comes forward with an axe, broad and heavy, with a long handle, and commencing with the first slave, strikes him a violent blow across the back of the neck, never failing to separate the sinews and vertebrae; sometimes the head falls off altogether, at other times it hangs down upon the chest; the executioner, regardless of the blood which spouts over him in passing, goes on in his execrable avocation, until the whole line of slaves have suffered, at which time the defunct chief is supposed to be fully appeased, and the removal of the bodies to the river side takes place, where, being thrown into the water, the sharks perform the remaining rites.

In the face of these practices, there are still persons who ardently state, that trade will, and has effected a bias towards civilization upon the western coast of Africa; that it has effected an amelioration in savage life elsewhere, and is still effecting it, every one knows; but, upon this part of Africa, nothing has been gained upon the habits of the natives; they are now almost in the same state of barbarism as they were when first discovered; even in some parts it is now dangerous to trade, such for instance is the coast immediately after having rounded Cape Palmas, and for some two hundred miles eastward. Here, the natives have shown an extremely savage disposition, and have even succeeded in plundering some small trading vessels, the masters of which have incautiously allowed too great a number of them to come on board at the same time. Nothing seems to awe these natives so much as the presence of a large dog, to the exhibition of which animal the safety of more than one vessel trading here may be attributed. They have a horror of such a creature, and unless it is chained up, they will often not venture on board, anxious as they may be to obtain European merchandise in exchange for their gold dust and ivory, or palm oil, as it may be.

But Sir HENRY HUNTLEY's volume furnishes more agreeable sketches than these. He visited in state a neighbouring potentate, with whom he conferred on the impolicy of a war that had been determined on between their armies. Thus does he paint the scene:

A ROYAL PALACE.

The almost numberless huts within the king's stockade contain the queens and the families which have blessed the many unions his majesty has been pleased to make. The fear of a prophecy confines the admiration of his majesty to ninety-nine queens—Whenever he takes one hundred, he is, according to the prophecy, to meet an early death: why ninety-nine does not destroy his life it is difficult to say. Through the avenues separating the huts myriads of little black beings are darting, and jostling each other incessantly; and more than one queen was frequently stealing a glance at the visitors, who were lounging about previously to arranging themselves for an interview with the king in public. These ladies especially desired to be informed which was the "Tubabl-Mansa"; and when certified as to his identity, three of the dozen who might be looking on bashfully requested him to accept a few roots of the coco, a vegetable not unlike the Jerusalem artichoke, and which being presented intimates, as a rose does elsewhere, the existence of a flattering sentiment.

His majesty has shown much taste in the selection of his female court; the most of the ninety-nine queens being young, beautiful figures, and possessing an attractive Mandingo expression of countenance. There is not much care in the concealment of their charms: indeed, upon this question an utter carelessness seemed to reign, although it is hoped with no lurking treason to their liege lord.

The period was now approaching when the two "Mansas" were to meet, and an unforeseen difficulty arose with it. It was necessary to change from the light dresses adopted for the comfort of riding, to that of state and display; but none of the party for a moment had supposed that the gaze of ninety-nine queens would have been struggling to witness the surprising phenomenon of a White man changing his apparel. The hut which the Governor occupied had in it two doorways, but only one door, and that having been made of green wood, had shrunk, leaving large slits between the boards; this frail defence was on the outside of the hut, and there was an incessant scuffling to occupy a slit, and observe the removal of one set of clothing and renewal of it by another; as each piece was changed, there ascended a delighted laugh, supported by clapping the hands; the curiosity of the queens rendered them bolder, and a body of them entered the very courtyard itself, and for anything the Governor knew, these might have been the advance guard of a larger force. On this side his hut was very vulnerable, having an undefended doorway only; emergency is the author of resource; and immediately the Governor saw his danger, he called to Mr. Pignard the interpreter, requesting him to spread-eagle himself before the doorway, and interrupt, as far as his portly figure would permit, the view of the interior of the hut. This was amply performed by Mr. Pignard, though their majesties could not be prevented from obtaining a considerable insight into the mysteries of the dress of a "Tubabl-Mansa," nor could these royal ladies avoid the expression of loud approbation as, last of all, the coat, epaulettes, sword, cocked hat, and plume, assumed their respective places, and the Governor stood confessed in all his finery.

The doorways of the royal hut soon became thronged with queens, whose faces were seen peering in to catch a view of the party, careless of the squeezes they sustained from each other in the attempt, and laughing most immoderately all the time; those outside slapping with their hands the more fortunate ladies who had possession of the apertures. The interpreter was now desired to have some presents brought in which were designed for his majesty. This created intense curiosity amongst the queens: an open yard was judged most appropriate for this ceremony; so the party rose and left the royal table, adjourning to the appointed place.

Round this yard, his majesty, or the curiosity of the queens themselves, had suggested the arrangement of the latter round the inside of the walls; where they squatted, in most part of the lines three deep, leaving the centre free for the presentation of the gifts, and for the occupation of the respective high personages who had now entered the square. Their majesties smiled most graciously upon the White visitors, and a merry-hearted, thoughtless assemblage they appeared to be; but a Manchester or a Spitalfields workman would have

regarded with gloomy feelings the absence of their respective handiwork, not twenty yards of which could be collected from the wardrobes of the united ninety-nine queens.

The present consisted of some cotton prints, tobacco, two muskets, gunpowder, a large jar of rum, a three-feet looking-glass, and lastly, it having been sent especially by the Government, the coat and three-cornered hat of a Chelsea Pensioner! The queens on seeing these gave way to a simultaneous expression of admiration, clapping their hands and screeching with delight, at the same time loudly calling out, as said the interpreter, for the king to put them on. Giving way to this outbreak of opinion, his majesty removed the conical straw hat, allowing one of the ladies to place the other on his head; he then stripped off his Mandigo mantle, superseding it with the huge and shapeless coat just presented; and he now stood up a confessed Chelsea Pensioner, to the extreme gratification of his numerous and laughing household. So embarrassing did the attentions of the queens appear, that in order to create a diversion in favour of the king, the interpreter was directed to advance the looking-glass; the effect of which was conclusive and sudden: in an instant the king was left, as it were, a monument, solitary, but for those who lounged or played at its base: the queens rushed forward, like the masses at a Vauxhall exhibition, from sight to sight, and now to view faces and charms they probably never before had an opportunity of contemplating. The struggle to occupy a front position of the glass was severe; which the king observing, he very unceremoniously pushed the ladies aside, placed a minister of state on each side the looking-glass, then calling the queens up in succession, allowed each a glance of herself as she passed by.

Letters of a Traveller; or Notes of Things seen in Europe and America. By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. Putnam.

MR. BRYANT'S prose style, which has several of the traits of his poetical, being equally calm, clear, and natural, is one which grows upon the reader, and is better relished, like the tone of some pictures in a gallery from which we are at first diverted by the garish objects around, after the eye is accustomed to it. On taking up his book the reader will find more in it, as he looks down into its placid depths, on a second perusal than on the first.

These letters, culled from Mr. BRYANT'S correspondence, are simple, straightforward, and independent. They are the fruits of individual observation and individual thought, and their plainness is the mark of their truthfulness and sincerity. The reader will get from them clear views and just ideas of the objects before him, and of the topics discussed; but he must not look for brilliant pictures or forgetive suggestions. The latter, indeed, are not to be undervalued in writers with whom a vivid fancy or rapid generalizing powers are predominant.

Where virtue is, these are more virtuous.

They are advantages which no one should despise where they are natural, utterly intolerable where they are assumed. But Mr. BRYANT'S excellence is of another kind, and can, for the time, dispense with them.

This book contains brief epistolary memorials of different tours undertaken at intervals, in a period of sixteen years, in various parts of America and of Europe.

What we have to indicate further of the volume, its genial traits of character and observation, and its lover's study of nature, shall be by a few characteristic extracts, in which the author speaks for himself; and for the greater novelty, we shall take those passages descriptive of home manners and home scenery; and of these, as the more rare, the pages given to the southern states:

A TOBACCO FACTORY AT RICHMOND.

I went afterwards to a tobacco factory, the sight of which amused me, though the narcotic fumes made me

cough. In one room a black man was taking apart the small bundles of leaves of which a hogshhead of tobacco is composed, and carefully separating leaf from leaf; others were assorting the leaves according to the quality, and others again were arranging the leaves in layers and sprinkling each layer with the extract of liquorice. In another room were about eighty negroes, boys they are called, from the age of twelve years up to manhood, who received the leaves thus prepared, rolled them into long even rolls, and then cut them into plugs of about four inches in length, which were afterwards passed through a press, and thus became ready for market. As we entered the room we heard a murmur of psalmody running through the sable assembly, which now and then swelled into a strain of very tolerable music.

Verse sweetens toil—

says the stanza which Dr. Johnson was so fond of quoting, and really it is so good that I will transcribe the whole of it:

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound—
All at her work the village maiden sings,
Nor, while she turns the giddy wheel around,
Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things.

Verse, it seems, can sweeten the toil of slaves in a tobacco factory.

"We encourage their singing as much as we can," said the brother of the proprietor, himself a diligent masticator of the weed, who attended us, and politely explained to us the process of making plug tobacco; "we encourage it as much as we can, for the boys work better while singing. Sometimes they will sing all day long with great spirit; at other times you will not hear a single note. They must sing wholly of their own accord, it is of no use to bid them do it."

"What is remarkable," he continued, "their tunes are all psalm tunes, and the words are from hymn-books; their taste is exclusively for sacred music; they will sing nothing else. Almost all these persons are church-members; we have not a dozen about the factory who are not so. Most of them are of the Baptist persuasion; a few are Methodists."

A MARCH RIDE IN BARNWELL DISTRICT, S. C.

Here you find plantations comprising several thousands of acres, a considerable part of which always lies in forest; cotton and corn fields of vast extent, and a negro village on every plantation, at a respectful distance from the habitation of the proprietor. Evergreen trees of the oak family and others, which I mentioned in my last letter, are generally planted about the mansions. Some of them are surrounded with dreary clearings, full of the standing trunks of dead pines; others are pleasantly situated in the edge of woods, intersected by winding paths. A ramble, or a ride—a ride on a hand-gallop it should be—in these pine woods, on a fine March day, when the weather has all the spirit of our March days without its severity, is one of the most delightful recreations in the world. The paths are upon a white sand, which, when not frequently travelled, is very firm under foot; on all sides you are surrounded by noble stems of trees, towering to an immense height, from whose summits, far above you, the wind is drawing deep and grand harmonies; and often your way is beside a marsh, verdant with magnolias, where the yellow jessamine, now in flower, fills the air with fragrance, and the bamboo-brier, an evergreen creeper, twines itself with various other plants, which never shed their leaves in winter. These woods abound in game, which, you will believe me when I say, I had rather start than shoot,—flocks of turtle-doves, rabbits rising and scudding before you; bevs of quails, partridges they call them here, chirping almost under your horse's feet; wild ducks swimming in the pools, and wild turkeys, which are frequently shot by the practised sportsman.

A CORN SHUCKING.

But you must hear of the corn-shucking. The one at which I was present was given on purpose that I might witness the humours of the Carolina negroes. A huge fire of *light-wood* was made near the corn-house. *Light-wood* is the wood of the long-leaved pine, and is so called, not because it is light, for it is almost the heaviest wood in the world, but because it gives more light than any other fuel. In clearing land, the pines are girdled and suffered to stand; the outer portion of the wood decays and falls off; the inner part, which is saturated with turpentine, remains upright for years, and constitutes the planter's provision of fuel. When a supply is wanted, one of those dead trunks is felled by the axe. The abundance of *light-wood* is one of the boasts of South Carolina. Wherever you are, if you happen to be chilly, you may have a fire extempore; a bit of *light-wood* and a coal give you a bright blaze and a strong heat in an instant.

The negroes make fires of it in the fields where they work; and, when the mornings are wet and chilly, in the pens where they are milking the cows. At a plantation, where I passed a frosty night, I saw fires in a small inclosure, and was told by the lady of the house that she had ordered them to be made to warm the cattle.

The *light-wood* fire was made, and the negroes dropped in from the neighbouring plantations, singing as they came. The driver of the plantation, a coloured man, brought out baskets of corn in the husk, and piled it in a heap; and the negroes began to strip the husks from the ears, singing with great glee as they worked, keeping time to the music, and now and then throwing in a joke and an extravagant burst of laughter. The songs were generally of a comic character; but one of them was set to a singularly wild and plaintive air, which some of our musicians would do well to reduce to notation. These are the words:

Johnny come down de hollow.
Oh hollow!
Johnny come down de hollow.
Oh hollow!
De nigger-trader got me.
Oh hollow!
De speculator bought me.
Oh hollow!
I'm sold for silver dollars.
Oh hollow!
Boys, go catch de pony.
Oh hollow!
Bring him round de corner.
Oh hollow!
I'm goin' away to Georgia.
Oh hollow!
Boys, good-by for ever!
Oh hollow!

The song of "Jenny gone away," was also given, and another, called the monkey-song, probably of African origin, in which the principal singer personated a monkey, with all sorts of odd gesticulations, and the other negroes bore part in the chorus, "Dan, dan, who's de dandy?" One of the songs, commonly sung on these occasions, represents the various animals of the woods as belonging to some profession or trade. For example:

De cooter is de boatman—

The cooter is the terrapin, and a very expert boatman he is.

De cooter is de boatman.
John John Crow.
De red-bird de soger.
John John Crow.
De mocking bird de lawyer.
John John Crow.
De alligator sawyer.
John John Crow]

The alligator's back is furnished with a toothed ridge, like the edge of a saw, which explains the last line.

When the work of the evening was over the negroes adjourned to a spacious kitchen. One of them took his place as musician, whistling, and beating time with two sticks upon the floor. Several of the men came forward and executed various dances, capering, prancing, and drumming with heel and toe upon the floor, with astonishing agility and perseverance, though all of them had performed their daily tasks and had worked all the evening, and some had walked from four to seven miles to attend the corn-shucking. From the dances a transition was made to a mock military parade, a sort of burlesque of our militia trainings, in which the words of command and the evolutions were extremely ludicrous. It became necessary for the commander to make a speech, and confessing his incapacity for public speaking, he called upon a huge black man named Toby to address the company in his stead. Toby, a man of powerful frame, six feet high, his face ornamented with a beard of fashionable cut, had hitherto stood leaning against the wall, looking upon the frolic with an air of superiority. He consented, came forward, and demanded a bit of paper to hold in his hand, and harangued the soldiery. It was evident that Toby had listened to stump-speeches in his day. He spoke of "de majority of Sous Carolina," "de interests of de state," "de honour of ole Ba'nwell district," and these phrases he connected by various expletives, and sounds of which we could make nothing. At length he began to falter, when the captain with admirable presence of mind came to his relief and interrupted and closed the harangue with an hurrah from the company. Toby was allowed by all the spectators, black and white, to have made an excellent speech.

THE OLDEST CITY OF THE UNITED STATES.

At length we emerged upon a shrubby plain, and finally came in sight of this oldest city of the United States (St. Augustine), seated among its trees on a

sandy swell of land, where it has stood for three hundred years. I was struck with its ancient and homely aspect, even at a distance; and could not help likening it to pictures which I had seen of Dutch towns, though it wanted a windmill or two, to make the resemblance perfect. We drove into a green square, in the midst of which was a monument erected to commemorate the Spanish Constitution of 1812, and thence through the narrow streets of the city to our hotel.

I have called the streets narrow. In few places are they wide enough to allow two carriages to pass abreast. I was told that they were not originally intended for carriages, and that in the time when the town belonged to Spain, many of them were floored with an artificial stone, composed of shells and mortar, which in this climate takes and keeps the hardness of rock, and that no other vehicle than a hand-barrow was allowed to pass over them. In some places you see remnants of this ancient pavement, but for the most part it has been ground into dust under the wheels of the carts and carriages, introduced by the new inhabitants. The old houses, built of a kind of stone which is seemingly a pure concretion of small shells, overhang the streets with their wooden balconies, and the gardens between the houses are fenced on the side of the street with high walls of stone. Peeping over these walls you see branches of the pomegranate and of the orange-tree, now fragrant with flowers, and, rising yet higher, the leaning boughs of the fig, with its broad luxuriant leaves. Occasionally you pass the ruins of houses—walls of stone, with arches and staircases of the same material, which once belonged to stately dwellings. You meet in the streets with men of swarthy complexions and foreign physiognomy, and you hear them speaking to each other in a strange language. You are told that these are the remains of those who inhabited the country under the Spanish dominion, and that the dialect you have heard is that of the island of Minorca.

ALLIGATORS AND TOBACCO SPITTERS.

The next morning, as we were threading the narrow channels by which the inland passage is made from St. Mary's to Savannah, we saw, from time to time, alligators basking on the banks. Some of our fellow-passengers took rifles and shot at them as we went by. The smaller ones were often killed, the larger generally took the rifle-balls upon their impenetrable backs, and walked, apparently unhurt, into the water. One of these monstrous creatures I saw receive his death-wound, having been fired at twice, the balls probably entering at the eyes. In his agony he dashed through the water for a little distance, and turning, rushed with equal rapidity in the opposite direction, the strokes of his strong arms throwing half his length above the surface. The next moment he had turned over and lay lifeless, with his great claws upward. A saw-toothed man from Burke county, in Georgia, who spoke a kind of negro dialect, was one of the most active in this sport, and often said to the bystanders, "I hit the 'gator that time, I did." We passed where two of these huge reptiles were lying on the bank among the rank sedges, one of them with his head towards us. A rifle-ball from the steamer struck the ground just before his face, and he immediately made for the water, dragging, with his awkward legs, a huge body of about fifteen feet in length. A shower of balls fell about him as he reached the river, but he paddled along with as little apparent concern as the steamboat we were in.

The tail of the alligator is said to be no bad eating, and the negroes are fond of it. I have heard, however, that the wife of a South Carolina cracker once declared her dislike of it in the following terms:

"Coon and collards is pretty good fixings, but 'gator and turnips I can't go, no how."

Collards, you will understand, are a kind of cabbage. In this country you will often hear of long collards, a favourite dish of the planter.

Among the marksmen who were engaged shooting alligators, were two or three expert chewers of the Indian weed—frank and careless spitters—who had never been disciplined by the fear of woman into any hypocritical concealment of their talent, or unmanly reserve in its exhibition. I perceived from a remark which one of them let fall, that somehow they connected this accomplishment with high breeding. He was speaking of four negroes who were hanged in Georgia on a charge of murdering their owner.

"One of them," said he, "was innocent. They made no confession, but held up their heads, chewed their tobacco, and spit about like any gentlemen."

The southern incidents are from a single tour, occupying but a small portion of the book. Some of the scenes are revisited in one

of the later journeys, and we have in addition a series of interesting letters on the Island of Cuba. Other American tours are to the mountains of Vermont and New Hampshire, the Delaware Water Gap, &c. The European letters bear date 1834, 1845, 1849. We find in them constant references to art, and no opportunity is neglected of recording the progress of American artists. Political and social observations come up incidentally, within the limits of an easy, unforced correspondence, where the occasion is left to suggest the comment; and we need not add, they are always on the side of humanity, freedom, and sound American progress.—*Literary World*.

FICTION.

Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet. An Autobiography. 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1850.

It was an error to call this work the autobiography of an individual. It is a picturing—faithful, minute and eloquent—of the hardships, the sufferings, and the miseries endured by a large mass of our fellow men. It is an earnest and honest exposure of the hollowness that infests English society—an insight to the weakness of the substratum. It shows what education should have done, and what corruption really has done. ALTON LOCKE is also a personification of the failings, as well as of the sufferings, that make up the sum of existence of a large class.

The author has effectually carried out his design—we will not say altogether with artistic consistency, or with book-making propriety. We know it is deemed a great offence against taste to make a novel the medium of exposing social dangers, or political inequalities and wrongs. We know that those who stick up for "the model," would have a fiction all fiction, or at least that the philosophy be very subordinate, and the social aim be hidden so completely as not to be discernible excepting to the professional reader. But *Alton Locke* is an exception to all these objections. Spite of its defects, it is a perfect work—perfect that it is invested with an air of the wildest romance, while it goes home to the heart and the judgment as a faithful picture—perfect, that it is eloquent and natural, and consistent with itself. It is one of those books which defy classification. We have not seen its like. And to those readers who accept our eulogy in earnest, *Alton Locke* will ever remain a token of rich enjoyment, and a memento that 1850 did produce at least one cherishable book.

The story of the biography will not impress so much or so favourably as the style. The hero is a widow's only child: his mother is a stern Calvinist. Her teachings, and the teaching of the vipers in religious form who come to administer consolation and to drink the old lady's tea, are hateful to an intense degree to ALTON. He is of a poetic temperament, and a great admirer of nature. Opportunities of indulging his natural taste are denied him. Born in a close London street, very rigidly watched and governed by his mother and the good men who come to visit her, his life is anything but pleasant. But he subsequently becomes a tailor, reads largely, writes verses, turns Chartist, falls in love, and is imprisoned for spouting chartism. The upshot of his rough life is, that he becomes a true Christian.

Several characters are hit off with great perfection. Such is the mother of ALTON; and such is SANDY MACKAYE, a friend to

whom the boy occasionally ran for sympathy, and to borrow books.

But we will now draw upon the pages of the work itself, merely repeating that it is a remarkable composition, and one which men in high places would do well to ponder. It is a growth from the defects of our time, and should be taken as a presage that change must come. The working men of this country will be indebted to ALTON LOCKE for the manner in which he pleads their cause; all men should be gratified that the warning voice, which he will inevitably be deemed, is so moderate in tone and so philosophical in manner.

ALTON's youth, we have said, was not happy. The following are his descriptions of his mother, and one of her associates:

ALTON'S MOTHER AND THE MISSIONARY.

My mother moved by rule and method; by God's law, as she considered, and that only. She seldom smiled. Her word was absolute. She never commanded twice, without punishing. And yet there were abysses of unspoken tenderness in her, as well as clear, sound, womanly sense and insight. But she thought herself as much bound to keep down all tenderness as if she had been some ascetic of the middle ages—so do extremes meet! It was "carnal," she considered. She had as yet no right to have any "spiritual affection" for us. We were still "children of wrath and of the devil,"—not yet "convicted of sin," "converted, born again." She had no more spiritual bond with us, she thought, than she had with a heathen or a papist. She dared not even pray for our conversion, earnestly as she prayed on every other subject. For though the majority of her sect would have done so, her clear logical sense would yield to no such tender inconsistency. Had it not been decided from all eternity? We were elect, or we were reprobate. Could her prayers alter that? If He had chosen us, He would call us in His own good time: and, if not, —. Only, again and again, as I afterwards discovered from a journal of hers, she used to beseech God with agonised tears to set her mind at rest by revealing to her His will towards us. For that comfort she could at least rationally pray. But she received no answer. Poor, beloved mother! If thou couldst not read the answer, written in every flower and every sunbeam, written in the very fact of our existence here at all, what answer would have sufficed thee? And yet, with all this, she kept the strictest watch over our morality. Fear, of course, was the only motive she employed; for how could our still carnal understandings be affected with love to God? And love to herself was too paltry and temporary to be urged by one who knew that her life was uncertain, and who was always trying to go down to deepest eternal ground and reason of everything, and take her stand upon that. So our god, or gods rather, till we were twelve years old, were hell, the rod, the Ten Commandments, and public opinion. Yet under them, not they, but something deeper far, both in her and us, preserved us pure. Call it natural character, conformation of the spirit,—conformation of the brain, if you like, if you are a scientific man and a phrenologist. I never yet could dissect and map out my own being, or my neighbour's, as you analysts do.

My heart was in my mouth as I opened the door to them, and sunk back again to the very lowest depths of my inner man when my eyes fell on the face and figure of the missionary—a squat, red-faced, pig-eyed, low-browed man, with great soft lips that opened back to his very ears; sensuality, conceit, and cunning marked on every feature—an innate vulgarity, from which the artisan and the child recoil with an instinct as true, perhaps truer, than that of the courtier, showing itself in every tone and motion—I shrunk into a corner, so crest-fallen that I could not even exert myself to hand round the bread-and-butter, for which I got duly scolded afterwards. Oh! that man!—how he bawled and contradicted, and laid down the law, and spoke to my mother in a fondling, patronising way, which made me, I knew not why, boil over with jealousy and indignation. How he filled his teacup half full of the white sugar to buy which my mother had curtailed her yesterday's dinner—how he drained

the few remaining drops of the three-penny worth of cream, with which Susan was stealing off to keep it as an unexpected treat for my mother at breakfast next morning—how he talked of the natives, not as St. Paul might of his converts, but as a planter might of his slaves; overlaying all his unintentional confessions of his own creed and prosperity, with cant, flimsy enough for even a boy to see through, while his eyes were not blinded with the superstition that a man must be pious who sufficiently interlards his speech with a jumble of old English picked out of our translation of the New Testament. Such was the man I saw. I don't deny that all are not like him. I believe there are noble men of all denominations doing their best according to their light, all over the world; but such was the one I saw—and the men who are sent home to plead the missionary cause, whatever the men may be like who stay behind and work, are, from my small experience, too often such. It appears to me to be the rule that many of those who go abroad as missionaries, go simply because they are men of such inferior powers and attainments that if they stayed in England they would starve.

ALTON'S STUDY.

I slept in a little lean-to garret at the back of the house, some ten feet long by six wide. I could just stand upright against the inner wall, while the roof on the other side ran down to the floor. There was no fireplace in it, or any means of ventilation. No wonder I coughed all night accordingly, and woke about two every morning with choking throat and aching head. My mother often said that the room was "too small for a christian to sleep in, but where could she get a better?" Such was my only study. I could not use it as such, however, at night without discovery; for my mother carefully looked in every evening, to see that my candle was out. But when my kind cough woke me, I rose, and creeping like a mouse about the room—for my mother and sister slept in the next chamber, and every sound was audible through the narrow partition—I drew my darling books out from under a board of the floor, one end of which I had gradually loosened at odd minutes, and with them a rushlight, earned by running on messages, or by taking bits of work home, and finishing them for my fellows. No wonder that with this staid rest, and this complicated exertion of hands, eyes, and brain, followed by the long dreary day's work of the shop, my health began to fail; my eyes grew weaker and weaker; my cough became more acute; my appetite failed me daily. My mother noticed the change, and questioned me about it affectionately enough. But I durst not, alas! tell the truth. It was not one offence, but the arrears of months of disobedience which I should have had to confess; and so arose infinite false excuses, and petty prevarications, which embittered and clogged still more my already over-tasked spirit. . . . Before starting forth to walk two miles to the shop at six o'clock in the morning, I sat some three or four hours shivering on my bed, putting myself into cramped and painful postures, not daring even to cough, lest my mother should fancy me unwell, and come in to see me, poor dear soul!—my eyes aching over the page, my feet wrapped up in the bedclothes, to keep them from the miserable pain of the cold; longing, watching, dawn after dawn, for the kind summer mornings, when I should need no candlelight. Look at the picture awhile, ye comfortable folks, who take down from your shelves what books you like best at the moment, and then lie back, amid prints and statuettes, to grow wise in an easy chair, with a blazing fire and a camphine lamp. The lower classes uneducated! Perhaps you would be so too, if learning cost you the privation which it costs some of them.

But ALTON read largely, notwithstanding his privations. What of his time was not spent on the tailor's board, was devoted to the writings of the great spirits of the age. On a holiday he visited the National Gallery, and learned to love and bless the painters. He studied narrowly MILTON and TENNYSON, and many other writers, and among them "that great prose poem, the single epic of modern days, THOMAS CARLYLE'S *French Revolution*." ALTON'S day-dreams were more numerous than we should imagine are those of the ma-

jority of men who are steeped in poverty as he was; and he has described them well. When he did learn to walk into the fields, he truly enjoyed the liberty thus attained.

THE FIRST SIP OF FREEDOM.

It was a glorious morning at the end of May; and when I escaped from the pall of smoke which hung over the city, I found the sky a sheet of cloudless blue. How I watched for the ending of the rows of houses, which lined the road for miles—the great roots of London, running far out into the country, up which poured past me an endless stream of food, and merchandise, and human beings—the sap of the huge metropolitan life-tree! How each turn of the road opened a fresh line of terraces or villas, till hope deferred made the heart sick, and the country seemed—like the place where the rainbow touches the ground, or the El Dorado of Raleigh's Guiana settlers—always a little further off! How, between gaps in the houses right and left, I caught tantalizing glimpses of green fields, shut from me by dull lines of high-spiked palings! How I peeped through gates and over fences at trim lawns and gardens, and longed to stay, and admire, and speculate on the names of the strange plants and gaudy flowers; and then hurried on, always expecting to find something still finer a-head—something really worth stopping to look at—till the houses thickened again into a street, and I found myself, to my disappointment, in the midst of a town! And then more villas and palings; and then a village;—when would they stop, those endless houses?

At last they did stop. Gradually the people whom I passed began to look more and more rural, and more toil-worn and ill fed. The houses ended, cattle yards and farm buildings appeared; and right and left, far away, spread the low rolling sheet of green meadows and corn fields. Oh, the joy! The lawns with their high elms and firs, the green hedgerows, the delicate hue and scent of the fresh clover fields, the steep clay banks where I stopped to pick nosegays of wild flowers, and became again a child—and then recollected my mother, and a walk with her on the river bank towards the Red House. I hurried on again, but could not be unhappy, while my eyes ranged free, for the first time in my life, over the chequered squares of cultivation, over glittering brooks, and hills quivering in the green haze, while above hung the skylarks, pouring out their souls in melody. And then, as the sun grew hot, and the larks dropped one by one into the growing corn, the new delight of the blessed silence! I listened to the silence; for noise had been my native element; I had become in London quite unconscious of the ceaseless roar of the human sea, casting up mire and dirt. And now, for the first time in my life, the crushing confusing hubbub had flowed away, and left my brain calm and free. How I felt at that moment a capability of clear bright meditation, which was as new to me as I believe it would have been to most Londoners in my position. I cannot help fancying that our unnatural atmosphere of excitement, physical as well as moral, is to blame for very much of the working men's restlessness and fierceness. As it was, I felt that every step forward, every breath of fresh air, gave me new life. I had gone fifteen miles before I recollected that, for the first time for many months, I had not coughed since I rose.

The following is the utterance in a more eloquent mode, of some startling facts revealed by the London Correspondent of *The Morning Chronicle*:

THE TERRORS OF THE COMPETITIVE SYSTEM.

Well, one day our employer died. He had been one of the old sort of fashionable West-end tailors in the fast decreasing honourable trade; keeping a modest shop, hardly to be distinguished from a dwelling-house, except by his name on the window-blinds. He paid good prices for work, though not as good, of course, as he had given twenty years before, and prided himself upon having all his work done at home. His work-rooms, as I have said, were no elysiums; but still as good, alas! as those of three tailors out of four. He was proud, luxurious, foppish; but he was honest and kindly enough, and did many a generous thing by men who had been long in his employ. At all events, his journeymen could live on what he paid them.

But his son succeeding to the business, determined, like Rehobeam of old, to go a-head with the times. Fired with the great spirit of the nineteenth century—at least with that one which is vulgarly considered its especial glory—he resolved to make haste to be rich. His father had made money very slowly of late; while dozens, who had begun business long after him, had

now retired to luxurious ease and suburban villas. Why should he remain in the minority? Why should he not get rich as fast as he could? Why should he stick to the old slow-going honourable trade? Out of some 450 West-end tailors, there were not 100 left who were old-fashioned and stupid enough to go on keeping down their own profits by having all their work done at home and at first-hand. Ridiculous scruples! The government knew none such. Were not the army clothes, the post-office clothes, the policeman's clothes, furnished by contractors and sweaters, who hired the work at low prices, and let it out again to journeymen at still lower ones? Why should he pay his men two shillings where the Government paid them one? Were there not cheap houses even at the West-end, which had saved several thousands a year merely by reducing their workmen's wages? And if the workmen chose to take lower wages, he was not bound actually to make them a present of more than they asked for! They would go to the cheapest market for anything they wanted, and so must he. Besides, wages had really been quite exorbitant. Half his men threw each of them as much money away in gin and beer yearly as would pay two cheap workmen at a cheap house. Why was he to be robbing his family of comforts to pay for their extravagance? and charging his customers, too, unnecessarily high prices?—it was really robbing the public!

Such, I suppose, were some of the arguments which led to an official announcement one Saturday night that our young employer intended to enlarge his establishment for the purpose of commencing business in the "show trade;" and that, emulous of Messrs. Aaron, Levi, and the rest of that class, magnificent alterations were to take place in the premises, to make room for which our work-rooms were to be demolished; and that for that reason—for of course it was only for that reason—all work would in future be given out, to be made up at the men's own homes.

We were all bound to expect this. Every working tailor must come to this at last, on the present system; and we are only lucky in having been spared so long. You all know where this will end—in the same misery as 15,000 out of 20,000 of our class are enduring now. We shall become the slaves, often the bodily prisoners, of Jews, middlemen, and sweaters, who draw their livelihood out of our starvation. We shall have to face, as the rest have, ever decreasing prices of labour—ever increasing profits made out of that labour by the contractors who will employ us—arbitrary fines, inflicted at the caprice of hirelings—the competition of women and children, and starving Irish—our hours of work will increase one-third, our actual pay decrease to less than one-half; and in all this we shall have no hope, no chance of improvement in wages, but ever more penury, slavery, misery, as we are pressed on by those who are sucked by fifties—almost by hundreds—yearly, out of the honourable trade in which we were brought up, into the infernal system of contract work, which is devouring our trade, and many others, body and soul. Our wives will be forced to sit up night and day to help us—our children must labour from the cradle without chance of going to school, hardly of breathing the fresh air of heaven—our boys, as they grow up, must turn beggars or paupers—our daughters, as thousands do, must eke out their miserable earnings by prostitution. And, after all, a whole family will not gain what one of us had been doing, as yet, single-handed.

Government—government? You a tailor, and not know that government are the very authors of this system? Not to know that they first set the example, by getting the army and navy clothes made by contractors, and taking the lowest tenders? Not to know that the police clothes, the postmen's clothes, the convicts' clothes, are all contracted for on the same infernal plan, by sweaters, and sweater's sweaters, and sweater's sweater's sweaters, till government work is just the very last, lowest resource to which a poor starved-out wretch betakes himself to keep body and soul together? Why, the government prices, in almost every department, are half, and less than half, the very lowest living price. I tell you, the careless iniquity of Government about these things will come out some day. It will be known, the whole abomination, and future abomination, and future generations will class it with the tyrannies of the Roman emperors and the Norman barons. Why, it's a fact that the colonels of the regiments—noblemen, most of them—make their own vile profit out of us tailors—out of the pauperism of the men, the slavery of the children, the prostitution of the women. They get so much a uniform allowed them by Government to clothe the men with; and then—then, they let out the jobs to the contractors at less than half what Govern-

ment give them, and pocket the difference. And then you talk of appealing to Government!

Only DICKENS or THACKERAY could have rivalled the following sketch of a discussion on

THE REAL OFFICE OF POETRY.

"What do you mean, Mr. Mackaye?" asked I, with a doleful and disappointed visage.

"Mean—why, if God had meant ye to write about Pacifics, He'd ha put ye there—and because He means ye to write about London town, He's put ye there—and gien ye an unco sharp taste o' the ways o' it; and I'll ge ye anither. Come along wi' me."

And he seized me by the arm, and hardly giving me time to put on my hat, marched me out into the streets, and away through Clare-market to St. Giles's.

It was a foul, chilly, foggy, Saturday night. From the butchers' and greengrocers' shops the gaslights flared and flickered, wild and ghastly, over haggard groups of slipshod dirty women, bargaining for scraps of stale meat and frostbitten vegetables, wrangling about short weight and bad quality. Fish-stalls and fruit-stalls lined the edge of the greasy pavement, sending up odours as foul as the language of sellers and buyers. Blood and sewer-water crawled from under doors and out of spouts, and reeked down the gutters among offal, animal and vegetable, in every stage of putrefaction. Foul vapours rose from cowsheds and slaughter-houses, and the door-ways of undrained alleys, where the inhabitants carried the filth out on their shoes from the back yard into the court, and from the court up into the main street; while above, hanging like cliffs over the streets—those narrow, brawling torrents of filth, and poverty, and sin—the houses with their teeming load of life were piled up into the dingy choking night. A ghastly, deafening, sickening sight it was. Go, scented Belgravian! and see what London is! and then go to the library which God has given thee—one often fears in vain—and see what science says this London might be!

"Ay," he muttered to himself, as he strode along, "sing awa; get yours wi' child wi' pretty fancies and gran' words, like the rest of the poets, and gang to hell for it."

"To hell, Mr. Mackaye?"

"Ay, to a verra real hell, Alton Locke, laddie—a warse ane than ony fiend's kitchen, or subterranean Smithfield that ye'll hear o' in the pulpits—the hell on earth o' being a funkey, and a humbug, and a useless peacock, wasting God's gifts on your ain lusts and pleasures—and kenning it—and not being able to get oot o' it, for the chains o' vanity and self-indulgence. I've warned ye. Now look there—"

He stopped suddenly before the entrance of a miserable alley—

"Look! there's not a soul down that yard but's either beggar, drunkard, thief, or warse. Write about that! Say how ye saw the mouth o' hell, and the two pillars thereof at the entry—the pawnbroker's shop o' one side and the gin palace at the other—two monstrous devils, eating up men, and women, and bairns, body and soul. Look at the jaws o' the monsters, how they open and open, and swallow in anither victim and anither. Write about that."

"What jaws, Mr. Mackaye?"

"They faulding-doors o' the ginshop, goose. Are na they a mair damnable man-devouring idol than ony red-hot statue o' Moloch, or wicker Gogmagog, wherein thae auld Britons burnt their prisoners? Look at thae barefooted, bare backed hizzies, with their arms round the men's necks, and their mouths full o' vitriol and beastly words! Look at that Irishwoman pouring the gin down the babbie's throat! Look at that raff o' a boy gaun out o' the pawnshop, where he's been pledging the handkerchief he stole the morning, into the ginshop, to buy beer poisoned wi' grains o' paradise, and cocculus indicus, and saut, and a' damnable, maddening, thirst-breeding, lust-breeding drugs! Look at that girl that went in wi' a shawl on her back and cam' out wi'out ane! Drunkards frae the breast!—harlots frae the cradle!—damned before they're born! John Calvin had an inkling o' the truth there, I'm a'most driven to think, wi' his reprobation devil's doctrines!"

"Well—but—Mr. Mackaye, I know nothing about these poor creatures."

"Then ye ought. What do ye ken about the Pacific? Which is maist to your business?—that bare-backed hizzies that play the harlot o' the other side o' the world, or these—these thousands o' bare-backed hizzies that play the harlot o' your ain side—made out o' your ain flesh and blude? You a poet! True poetry, like true charity, my laddie, begins at home. If ye'll be a poet at a, ye maun be a cockney poet; and, while the cockneys be what they be, ye maun write, like Jeremiah of old, o' lamentation, and mourning, and woe,

for the sins o' your people. Gin ye want to learn the spirit o' a people's poet, down wi' your Bible and read thae auld Hebrew prophets; gin ye wad learn the style, read your Burns frae morning till night; and gin ye'd learn the matter, just gang after your nose, and keep your eyes open, and ye'll no miss it."

One other extract, and we will have done with this original but captivating and convincing volume. ALTON speaks prophetically of

THE DANGERS THAT ARE LOOMING.

Ay, respectable gentlemen and ladies, I will confess all to you—you shall have, if you enjoy it, a fresh opportunity for indulging that supreme pleasure which the press daily affords you, of insulting the classes whose powers most of you know as little as you do their sufferings. Yes; the Chartist poet is vain, conceited, ambitious, uneducated, shallow, inexperienced, envious, ferocious, scurrilous, seditious, traitorous. Is your charitable vocabulary exhausted? Then ask yourselves, how often have you yourself honestly resisted and conquered the temptation to any one of these sins, when it has come across you just once in a way, and not as they came to me, as they come to thousands of the working men, daily and hourly, "till their torments do, by length of time, become their elements?" What, are we covetous too? Yes! And if those who have, like you, still covet more, what wonder if those who have nothing covet something? Profligate too? Well, though that imputation as a generality is utterly calumnious, though your amount of respectable animal enjoyment per annum is a hundred times as great as that of the most self-indulgent artisan; yet, if you had ever felt what it is to want, not only every luxury of the senses, but even bread to eat, you would think more mercifully of the man who makes up by rare excesses, and those only of the limited kinds possible to him, for long intervals of dull privation, and says in his madness, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die!" We have our sins, and you have yours. Ours may be the more gross and barbaric, but yours are none the less damnable; perhaps all the more so, for being the sleek, subtle, respectable, religious sins they are. You are frantic enough if our part of the press calls you hard names, but you cannot see that your part of the press repays it back to us with interest. We see those insults, and feel them bitterly enough; and do not forget them, alas! soon enough, while they pass unheeded by your delicate eyes as trivial truisms. Horrible, unprincipled, villanous, seditious, frantic, blasphemous, are epithets of course when applied to—how large a portion of the English people, you will some day discover to your astonishment. When will that day come, and how? In thunder, and storm, and garments rolled in blood? or like the dew on the mown grass, and the clear shining of the sunlight after April rain?"

J. C.

Norah Dalrymple. A Woman's Story. In 3 vols. London: Newby. 1850.

In the very vulgarest sense of the phrase, this is *A Woman's Story*—as full of tattle and balderdash, and of ill-defined characters, as three volumes can be.

The authoress is evidently unused to composition. She has just sufficient discrimination to know the taste of the book-market, and to fancy that she can administer to it. Domestic tales are the fashion now, so she must write a Domestic Tale. But it is a pity that her vanity was not checked, and print and paper thus been saved.

Norah Dalrymple is the heroine of the story. Her early education was entrusted to guardians—a pompous uncle laird, and his formal and unsympathising wife. She runs the gauntlet of troubles at home, dangers at boarding schools, and love, desperate love, of course. This love is the source of bitter sorrows, and forms the subject of nearly the whole of the tale. *NORAH* never declares her passion to the adored one—nor he to her, and she constantly fancies herself to be the victim of all sorts of persecution and misfortune. We cannot spare room to relate the tissue of sillinesses that are strung together—how *NORAH* marries a man whom she hates—

is forsaken by him and is thrown upon her own resources—how the former object of her affections, having become a bishop, drives over the humble cab in which she happened to be riding in the streets of London—nor how, though widow and sufferer she was, she flirted with a gay captain. This tale is a rival in imbecility of *The Children of the Abbey*,—perhaps worse in style. We had not expected that any one would be found to send forth such stuff as the following:

Much as they had hitherto appeared to think in unison, he was quite aware how little ought to be attached to passing remarks, or phrases of feeling, or to those touching moments, when music reiterates on the ear, and sacred localities overcome the soul.

Punch's cleverest imitator could not rival that. But again,

There was one scene in which *Norah* altogether forgot herself, and her own existence, when she unreservedly gave herself up to sensations of admiration—it is only a peculiarly endowed mind, that can so admire, that has an eye capable of fully perceiving the splendour or the beautiful—the *nil admirare* class are either born with defective organs of sight, or fail in some of the finer perceptions of taste and sense of beauty, given by the Creative hand; but not such was our *Norah*!

And such writing as this is to be found on every page. We do not like to be harsh upon a young authoress—but she will readily perceive that we can have no "sensations of admiration" for her production.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

The Poetical Works of Moschus. 2 vols., pp. 581. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 1850.

SOME unsuspecting reader of this title may fancy that here is our old Idyllic friend in a new dress. The bulk of the work is certainly somewhat greater than that in which we remember him of yore; but this is not surprising in an age of annotators, when a single verse will often furnish a text for whole pages of dissertation. We acknowledge ourselves to have laboured under some such delusion when these volumes reached us, and it would have done the author's heart good to have seen the eagerness and vigour with which we wielded our paper-cutter; but in this expectation we were undeceived with vast celerity. The ancient *MOSCHUS* wrote for posterity and achieved fame; the modern assumer of his name (for what reason he has not had the goodness to tell us) writes, as he states, only for himself, and what he is likely to achieve we fear it would hurt his feelings to specify: which we need not say, is the last thing in the world we should wish to do. What we fear he will not achieve, is a Second Edition.

The best thing that can be said in favour of these volumes is, that they are neatly printed and bound. Beyond this, few but the author himself, or his friends—those too indulgent friends who are constantly furnishing such unpleasant work to the critical labourer—could find anything to justify even a moderately laudatory judgment. The author tells us, in his preface,—or rather tells "dear ORAL," the friend whom he addresses in an introductory epistle, to the perusal of which the public are kindly admitted—that "in the publication of these volumes no pecuniary advantage was contemplated," which is so far a fortunate circumstance, inasmuch as the pecuniary loss with which it will certainly be attended, will drive him neither to the Queen's Bench, nor

to suicide. It also enables us to feel all the more liberty in commenting on his works.

There is one thing, indeed, that is truly admirable in the present publication, and that is, the complacency which could have sustained the author in the manufacture of these 581 pages of dreary mediocrity. Perhaps, were it not a matter in which the respect due to our office and function is somewhat infringed, we could also find it possible to admire the coolness with which, in publishing his lucubrations, he declares—in the prefatory letter already quoted—that, with every possible deference to the reading public, he “must confess that for an author to model his thoughts and expressions on the transient taste of the hour, would be ‘to write his works on the sand, or to raise his monument in snow.’” This we consider a most delightful kind of sentiment, especially on the part of a writer in making his bow to the reading portion of the community. He expects the public to buy his book; but, as it is not his intention to raise his monument in snow (“enduring brass” we should consider the material of which he has made choice), he really cannot, “with all possible deference,” consent to meet their approval, by refraining from any offence against their taste to which he may happen to be attached, or by diligently addressing himself to the feelings of his age.

He thinks it necessary, also, to “disclaim any relationship or connexion with the new school of poetry which has arisen among us, which considers sublimity to consist in unintelligibility,” &c. What school is thus darkly shadowed forth to us, we have, of course, no certain means of knowing; but the only authors who have of late days obtained any degree of public attention, against whom the charge of an unintelligible sublimity can with even a show of fairness be brought, are ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, and the Author of *Festus*. We can assure our worthy friend MOSCHUS, if it will give him any comfort to know it, that he has nothing in common with these gifted writers. We may add, that he has shown the same noble disdain of imitation or vulgar compliance, in reference to the mechanical part of versification, of which he boasts in reference to the higher principles of the art. He either has not an ear capable of discerning similarities and differences of sound, or does not think it necessary to pay any minute attention to these in so simple a matter as rhyme; and his sentences often display syntactical varieties which would have occasioned much surprise to LINDLEY MURRAY. Like Miss MIGGS, whenever he labours under strong emotion, he has an uncontrollable tendency to break into the plural number,—a characteristic which affects even the rhyme.

On one occasion he says,

Yet what is living in us must be born
In forms of deep expression show themselves.

And we have “hand” rhyming with “expands,” “way” with “rays,” “power” with “showers,” “rock” with “locks,” and so forth, without end. In fact, singular and plural are, throughout the volumes, quite commonly interchanged, in rhyme as well as reason. Then, as examples of the rhyme itself, sense and poetry apart, what will our readers think of “thought” being made to rhyme with “short,” “down” with “gloom,” “growls” with “rolls,” “foam” with “moan,” “other” with “together,” “soaring” with “gushing,” “side” with “wild,” “soon” with “doom,” “lonely” with “lowly,” “one” with “tomb,” “trees” with “leaves,”

and “queen” with “beam”—this last rhyme occurring again and again! These, and many other varieties of the same kind, will be found in *The Poetical Works of Moschus*. Now, though a man who prints his verses, and expects people to buy them, has no right, merely in gratification of his indolence or his conceit, to neglect correctness even in the more mechanical part, yet we should not, perhaps, have been so minute in noticing faults of this kind in the present instance, had there been any striking beauty in the thoughts which this new aspirant to public favour (for such we must, in spite of himself, consider him), is seeking in these volumes to put forth. But we have in vain looked for any such. Occasionally a few smooth and pleasant lines occur, pleasing, if not highly poetical; but there is not only no brilliancy in the conceptions, or beauty in the imagery, in which familiar thoughts are set forth, but, on the contrary, much that is disagreeable in the constantly-recurring confused and broken metaphors.

As a favourable specimen of his smooth lines, the following, in which the speaker is asking why love should be forbidden, may serve:

The man
Who binds himself is traitor to himself;
He must not love—and why? Is he not man—
The very light and beauty of the world?
He loves the beautiful—the starry heavens,
The scented flowers, the blue and murmuring stream,
The joyous birds that warble overhead,
The gilded cloud that traverses the heaven,
The dog that licks his hand and welcomes him;
He loves all nature, yet he must not love
The life, the light, the beauty of them all,
The soft and tender image of himself,
Though pure as snow, and with the thoughts as bright
As heaven’s crystal streams.

We have looked carefully for a good passage to select; and this is the best we can find. The description in it is in general correct enough, though, perhaps, “scented” is not the most poetical epithet that could be applied to flower; but even in this passage will be found some of the favourite faults of this writer. He speaks of a man loving all nature—a singular noun, for which, in the next line, he supplies a plural pronoun. His use, too, of the definite article, is peculiar. We do not quarrel with his holding the very objectionable sentiment of the first line; but, as it is not only immoral, but untrue to nature—man being only true to himself so long as his will remains supreme, and his desires in due subjection—we content ourselves with pointing out its character and tendency. Comparatively good, however, as the above lines are, they stand, as usual, in close connexion with some of the worst writing we have ever met with. For a writer who disclaims an unintelligible style, above all things, we think the following exclamation is tolerably inscrutable.

Who has a heart of flesh, with feelings wove
By tenderest thoughts, which have from love their tints,
Expression caught, who as clouds their colours take
From out the western canopy of gold!
Whose tendrils have been nourished beautifully, lay
By unpolished streams in guileless youth,—
He must not love!

Now what with a “heart of flesh,” and woven feelings, and the words “expression caught,” not clearly connected with the rest of the sentence, and tendrils nourished at unpolished streams, and the pronoun “which,” with an indeterminate antecedent, and the pronoun “who,” with no antecedent at all, we find it impossible to imagine what is the distinct or indistinct meaning the author meant to convey. It may be very fine writing, for aught we know, but we do not possess the key necessary for unlocking its treasures of beauty.

Thus, again, our author speaks when he is in one of his dark, misanthropic moods:

Man raves, then sleeps, then raves, and sleeps again;
In pitiless existence creeps along,
A cursed, and cursing thing, that feels in truth,
He breathes the vital air by some mistake.

The reader will perceive that the style of this book is very ambitious. Indeed, had it not been for its air of *pretension*, we should not have been justified in noticing it at such length. There are in it dramas, with an incredible number of scenes, miniature epics, and sacred pieces.

As a specimen of the last of these, we may give the following miserable hymn, entitled

PRAISE THE LORD.

Ye children, praise the Mighty One,
His holy name for aye has shone;
And blessed be that sacred name,
For ever shall it be the same.
When lifteth up the sun its light,
And when it sinks before the night,
When sun-beams shine and night-dews fall,
This name should be the peace of all.
Above the nations does he rise,
Above the hosts that guard the skies,
His glory soareth—who shall be
Compared to His dread Majesty?
His throne on highest heaven stands,
And from this seat his view extends
Along the pathless deep of Heaven,
Where worlds obey the mandates given;
And on this globe the verdant place
Of man, the low and humbled race;
With love he raises him from earth
The things that from the dust took birth,
That he may place them near his throne,
Where princes lay their sceptres down.

Surely an author who, on such a theme, could rise to no higher strain than this, might have concluded that poetry is not his vocation, if he had not been as deficient in self-knowledge as he is in imagination.

The dramas are exceeding *melo-dramatic*, and have all the usual machinery of visions, spirits, and demons. How his spirits speak, the reader may judge from the lines we now extract:

How I came here I know not, nor can tell
Except my fervent will, that makes me thine
That I would be for ever near to thee,
And must be.—That I feel, and cannot help.
I do not know thee—nor before this night
Upon thy features gazed.—But now we’ve met
Our eyes shall ever see each other’s face;
And seeing, love—I cannot tell thee why—
But so I feel—and in me there are thoughts
That show me what I say.

“A-course, accordinge!” The sublime inconclusiveness, and tendency to nowhere, manifested in this speech, remind us strongly of the immortal Mrs. GAMP.

In conclusion, we have only to say that we should not have entered so fully into the demerits of the present performance but for the hope that a little trouble now may save us a great deal of trouble hereafter. The author himself says:—“The poems must make their own character, and their author must be satisfied either to wander along unsphered in the literary heavens, or to cluster himself in stars, and to shine, though dimly, among the more brilliant constellations.” We think he will have to be content with the former alternative. Had he no kind friend at his elbow to tell him that a cluster of one’s self is a piece of absurdity, and to save him the trouble of printing so much nonsense? We recommend him to read a good deal of good poetry before he again attempts to write it, and not to think of again appearing before the public until he has learned a little grammar, and a good deal of modesty. A. R.

A Lay of Hero Worship, and other Poems.
By DAVID HOLT. London: Pickering.
1850.

Mr. HOLT has fallen into the error so common

to young versifiers, and has mistaken jingle for music, and words for sense, and truisms for startling enunciations. We need not quote more than two verses from a piece entitled "The Woodlands," to convince him that he ought not to have published his volume for at least the seven years that POPE names as the proper term of probation.

Yes, to live 'mid shadows, and to note the hours flit by us,
By the sunbeams on the foliage, were a happier life to lead;
And a life according sweetly with the pure and natural bias
Of some hearts devote to Nature and well-skilled her lore to read.

But the world hath claims upon us, and our social duties ever,
Call us forth to crowded cities, there to jostle with the throng;
Yet methinks it were much happier to depart from Nature
Never,
But to dwell amid the wild woods, and to pass our life in song.

Although there are herein some slight traces of a poetic mind, there is also much of manner to object to—errors of fact as well as of taste. But Mr. HOLZ might have done better. He has a vivid imagination, a warm heart, and a great command of words, and his verses read well when he has pruned them well. Witness this

SONG OF THE WATER SPIRITS.

From the depths of the waters we bubble up,
We sweetly rest on the lily's whiteness,
Nectar we drink from her charmed cup,
And sparkle along in our beauty and brightness.

We sport and dance 'mid the cool clear waves
Of the moonlit lakes and the limpid brooks;
Our dwellings are down in their secret caves,
In their sparry grottoes and pearl-paved nooks.

Lightly, lightly, we sport and dance
In the summer noontide 'mid golden gleams,
Lightly, lightly, our swift wings glance
O'er the headlong waters of rushing streams.

When any approach us of mortal race,
We swiftly dive to our secret cells:
And, when floating to some haunted place,
We peep at the Naiads from wreathed shells.

We live in a world of light and song,
Gay are the hours in our crystal hall,
And the songs we sing as we float along
Make the flowing waters musical.

Mr. HOLZ has plenty of courage, and he should preserve it. He may appropriately act as his own exorcisor, and that office faithfully filled he may become an average poet.

Thoughts for Home: in Prose and Verse. By Mrs. THOMAS GELDART, Author of "Truth in Everything." London: A. Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1850.

IN her preface, Mrs. GELDART remarks upon the gross metrical errors which she says may be found in every page of her book, and upon the absence of "elegance or poetic feeling." Yet she alleges that her book will do for those who are "not deep in the mysteries of the Muses." Ergo, the ignorant should be first familiarized with imperfect and bad models! This we take to be Mrs. GELDART's meaning. The assertion is certainly unwise, and the practice would be injurious. "Songs of the Affections," or "Domestic Lyrics," are not, as Mrs. GELDART imagines, beneath the talent of the true poet. Nursery rhymes come most appropriately from one who is a true genius in the use of words and truths.

By far the best parts of Mrs. GELDART's book are the prose passages—little snatches of serious reflection. These look natural, and embody natural and sensible thoughts—thoughts that frequently arise at home among friendly associates and loving members of a family. But Mrs. GELDART has written an appropriate epitaph for her verse. It is rhymed prose, spoiled in the crucible of her muse. It will not be a desirable accession in any home.

MISCELLANEOUS.

London and its Celebrities. A Second Series of Literary and Historical Memorials of London. By J. HENEAGE JESSE, Author of "Memoirs of the Court of England," &c. 2 vols. London: Bentley, 1850.

THE combining of antiquarianism and gossip is becoming a fashionable recipe for the book-

maker. LEIGH HUNT and Mr. CUNNINGHAM have been the most successful labourers in this new line. Mr. JESSE has not failed to produce a work of interest, and even to fill up a hiatus; but he has not the *recherche* style, nor the chatty familiarity with men and things, that we find in every page of the *Town*. Nor does he command the power of generalization and systematising which is the charm of Mr. CUNNINGHAM's *Handbook of London*. Still he has collected a mass of matter which the antiquarian will study, and which will be instructive even to less steadfast readers. He has brought together much that unburdens history of doubts that previously hung about it—much that is new regarding celebrated personages—much that increases our knowledge of ancient times, and manners, and people.

Verboseness pervades the work, and another leading fault is an absence of order. The materials have been printed apparently as they were obtained, and there are numerous and lengthy quotations from well-known authors. Mr. JESSE acknowledges that he is indebted to several who have preceded him in the same pursuit, and especially to Mr. CUNNINGHAM.

The reader will perceive by the extracts which follow, that spite of the defects alluded to, we have not much difficulty in showing that Mr. JESSE's volumes abound with racy matter. Indeed, this could hardly fail to be. A tour through London with notebook in hand, and with so many libraries for reference readily attainable, could not but produce a collection of facts and speculations highly entertaining. It is the wisest city in the world, and, as Dr. JOHNSON wrote, "the happiness of London is not to be conceived but by those who have been in it. I will venture to say, there is more learning and science within the circumference of ten miles from where I now sit, than in all the rest of the kingdom." Though the Doctor did not take the trouble to show that there really is an affinity between happiness and learning, and science, his own presence in the huge city, and his doings therein, have filled many pages of Mr. JESSE's book with curious reading.

Our extracts will be various, showing the kind of information Mr. JESSE has collected, regarding persons as well as places.

CROMWELL'S RESTING PLACE.

Formerly there existed a favourite tradition among the inhabitants of Red Lion Square and its vicinity, that the body of Oliver Cromwell was buried in the centre of their square, beneath an obelisk, which stood there till within the last few years. The likelihood of such a fact strikes us, at first thought, as improbable enough; and yet, on consideration, we are inclined to think that beneath this spot not improbably moulder, not only the bones of the great Protector, but also those of Ireton and Bradshaw, whose remains were disinterred at the same time from Westminster Abbey, and exposed on the same gallows. As regards the last resting-place of these remarkable men, the contemporary accounts simply inform us, that on the anniversary of the death of Charles the First, their bodies were borne on sledges to Tyburn, where, after having hung till sunset, they were cut down and beheaded; that their bodies were then flung into a hole at the foot of the gallows, and their heads fixed upon poles on the roof of Westminster Hall. From the word Tyburn being here so distinctly laid down, it has usually been taken for granted that it was intended to designate the well-known place for executing criminals, nearly at the north end of Park Lane, or, as it was anciently styled, Tyburn Lane. When we read, however, of a criminal, in old times, being executed at Tyburn, we are not necessarily to presume that it was at this particular spot; the gallows having unquestion-

ably been shifted at times from place to place, and the word Tyburn having been given indiscriminately, for the time being, to each distinct spot. For instance, sixty years before the death of Cromwell, the gallows were frequently erected at the extremity of St. Giles's parish, at the end of the present Tottenham Court Road; while for nearly two centuries the Holborn end of Fetter Lane, within a short distance of Red Lion Square, was no less frequently the place of execution. Indeed, in 1643, only a few years before the exhumation and gibbeting of Cromwell, we find Nathaniel Tomkins executed at this spot for his share in Waller's plot to surprise the city. In addition, however, to these surmises, is the curious fact of the bodies of Cromwell and Ireton having been brought in carts, on the night previous to their exposure on the gibbet, to the Red Lion Inn, Holborn,—from which Red Lion Square derives its name,—where they rested during the night. In taking this step it is surely not unreasonable to presume that the Government had in view the selection of a house in the immediate vicinity of the scaffold, in order that the bodies might be in readiness for the disgusting exhibition of the following morning. Supposing this to have been the case, the place of their exposure and interment could scarcely have been the end of Tyburn Lane, inasmuch as the distance thither from Westminster is actually shorter than that from Westminster to Red Lion Square; while, at the same time, there was apparently no good reason for adopting so circuitous a route. The object of the Government could hardly have been to create a sensation, by parading the bodies along a populous thoroughfare, inasmuch as the ground between St. Giles's Pound and Tyburn, a distance of a mile and a half, was at this period almost entirely open country. The author has dwelt longer, perhaps, on the subject than such vague surmises may seem to deserve. The question, however, is not altogether an uninteresting one, and there may be others, probably, who may have the means of, and who may take a pleasure in, further elucidating it.

PITT'S BRIDGE.

The first stone of Blackfriars' Bridge, the work of Robert Mylne, a Scotch architect, was laid on the 31st of October, 1760. It was originally called Pitt's Bridge, in honour of William Pitt, the great Earl of Chatham. If the foundations shall ever be disturbed, there will be found beneath them a metal tablet, on which is inscribed, in Latin, the following grateful tribute of the citizens of London, to the genius and patriotism of that illustrious statesman.

"On the last day of October, in the year 1760, and in the beginning of the most auspicious reign of George the Third, Sir Thomas Chitty, knight, lord mayor, laid the first stone of this bridge, undertaken by the Common Council of London, during the progress of a raging war (*flagrante bello*), for the ornament and convenience of the city; Robert Mylne being the architect. In order that there might be handed down to posterity a monument of the affection of the city of London for the man who, by the power of his genius, by his highmindedness and courage (under the Divine favour and happy auspices of George the Second) restored, increased, and secured the British empire in Asia, Africa, and America, and restored the ancient reputation and power of his country amongst the nations of Europe, the citizens of London have unanimously voted this bridge to be inscribed with the name of WILLIAM PITT."

Such tributes as the foregoing, literature should not willingly let die. A more appropriate, or more deserved tribute, paid by the merchants of a mighty city to an illustrious statesman and patriot, it would be difficult to point out. The simple tablet, on which this inscription is engraved, lies deeply buried in the bosom of the Thames, and its very existence is perhaps known but to few; and yet far more honourable than all civic crowns, far more than all the wealth and titles secured to him and to his posterity by his sovereign and the legislature, was this affectionate, this unbought and voluntary testimony, "unanimously voted" by the citizens of London, to the man who had restored to them the security of wealth and commerce, and the ancient renown which had rendered the name of an Englishman respected over the world.

PRINCE CHARLES'S CONCEALMENT.

It was in Essex-street, at the house of a staunch Jacobite, Lady Primrose, that Prince Charles Edward

was concealed during the secret visit which he paid to London, in 1750. "In September, 1750," says Dr. King, "I received a note from my Lady Primrose, who desired to see me immediately. As soon as I waited on her, she led me into her dressing-room, and presented me to (the Pretender.) If I was surprised to find him there, I was still more astonished when he acquainted me with the motives which had induced him to hazard a journey to England at this juncture. The impatience of his friends, who were in exile, had formed a scheme which was impracticable; but although it had been as feasible as they had represented it to him, yet no preparation had been made to carry it into execution. He was soon convinced that he had been deceived, and, therefore, after a stay in London of five days only, he returned to the place whence he came." It was in Lady Primrose's hospitable mansion, in Essex-street, that the interesting Flora Macdonald had previously found an asylum, when released from confinement by the Act of Grace, in 1747. At the south end of Essex-street may be seen two large pillars, with Corinthian capitals, apparently a portion of the old water-entrance to Essex House.

A BATCH OF GREAT MEN.

Close to Villiers-street, is Hungerford-market, which stands on the site of the town mansion of the Hungerfords, of Fairleigh, in Somersetshire; adjoining which is Craven-street. At No. 7, in this street, the great philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, lived for some time; and at No. 27, James Smith, one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses," breathed his last, on the 24th December, 1839. The following pleasing trifle, composed by him during his residence in this street, is perhaps familiar to most of our readers:—

In Craven-street, Strand, ten attorneys find place,
And ten dark coal-barges are moored at its base;
Fly, Honesty, fly! seek some safer retreat,
For there's *craft* in the river and *craft* in the street.

This epigram drew from Sir George Rose the following retort. They are said to have been written extempore at a dinner party:—

Why should Honesty fly to some safer retreat,
From attorneys and barges?—'od rot 'em!
For the lawyers are *just* at the top of the street,
And the barges are *just* at the bottom.

The house adjoining Northumberland House, on the Strand side, was long the official residence of the Secretary of State. Here resided Sir Harry Vane, the elder, at the time when he held that appointment under Charles the First; and here lived Sir Edward Nicholas, when Secretary of State to Charles the Second.

In Hartshorne-lane, now Northumberland-street, the parents of Ben Jonson were residing at the time when the future dramatist attended "a private school," in the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. "Though I cannot," says Fuller, "with all my industrious inquiry, find him in his cradle, I can fetch him from his long coats. When a little child he lived in Hartshorne-lane, near Charing-cross, where his mother married a brick-layer for her second husband." At the south end of Northumberland-street, on the site of what is now Wood's Coal Wharf, stood the residence of Sir Edmund-bury Godfrey, whose position as an opulent timber merchant led to his appointment to the magistracy and to his untimely fate.

Our readers will be pleased to know something more of a personage whose littleness must have amused them much, as recorded in the *Diary of Pepys*, and noticed so fully in THE CRITIC.

MRS. PEPYS.

Not the least interesting object in St. Olave's church is a small monument of white marble, surmounted with the bust of a female displaying considerable beauty, and enriched with cherubims, skeletons' heads, palm branches, and other ornaments. This monument is to the memory of Elizabeth, the fair wife of the gossiping, bustling, good-humoured Secretary to the Admiralty, Samuel Pepys, who erected this memorial in testimony of his affection and his grief. To many persons, indeed, the principal charm of St. Olave's church consists in its connection with the personal history of that most entertaining of autobiographers, and the frequent notices of it which occur in his amusing pages. Pepys resided close by, in Seething-lane, and St. Olave's was his parish church. So little, indeed, has the old building been altered by time, and

so graphic are the notices of it which occur in his "Diary," that we almost imagine we see the familiar figure of the smartly-attired secretary in one of the old oak pews; his fair wife reading out of the same prayer-book with him; her long glossy tresses falling over her shoulders, her eye occasionally casting a furtive glance at the voluptuous-looking satin petticoat of which she had borrowed the idea either from the Duchess of Orleans, or Lady Castlemaine; and her pretty face displaying as many of the fashionable black patches of the period as her good-natured husband would allow her to disfigure herself with. The inscription on her monument, in Latin, informs us that she was descended in the female line from the noble family of the Cliffords; that she received her education at the court of France; that her virtues were only equalled by the beauty of her person and the accomplishments of her mind; that she was married at the age of fourteen, and that she died at the age of twenty-nine.

GRAY'S INN.

Gray's Inn stands upon the site of a property anciently known as the Manor of Portpoole, or Purpoole, and derives its name from having been the residence of the Lords Gray of Wilton, from 1315 to 1505. The name of the ancient manor is still preserved in Portpoole Lane, running from Gray's Inn Lane into Leather Lane. In 1505 it was sold by Edmund, the ninth baron, to Hugh Denny, Esq., who, about eight years afterwards, disposed of it to the prior and convent of East Sheen in Surrey. The convent leased the mansion to the students at law, whose tenure was subsequently rendered somewhat insecure by the dissolution of the religious houses. Henry the Eighth, however, took the property into his own hands, and the students at law were allowed to become tenants of the crown, on payment of an annual rent. This important Inn of Court consists of a spacious court, and a large garden, laid out about the year 1600, and shaded by lofty trees. The domain of the society extends over a large tract of ground between Holborn and Theobald's Road. It has its hall, built 1560, its chapel, and library; but, if we except the hall, they are distinguished by no extraordinary architectural merit. Let us not omit to mention, however, that the bench tables in the hall are said to have been the gift of Queen Elizabeth, who took great pleasure in the dramatic performances or the gentlemen of Gray's Inn, and, according to tradition, on one occasion partook of a banquet in their hall. It is remarkable that the only toast which is ever publicly drunk by the society, is "to the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of Queen Elizabeth." It is drunk only on state occasions, and then with great formality. Three benches rise and drink the toast; they then sit down, and two others rise and in this manner the toast passes down the bar table, and from thence to the students' table.

Mr. JESSE has collected large numbers of anecdotes. The following will edify.

LITERARY ASPIRATIONS.

The author of the "Pleasures of Memory" informs us that, when a boy, having an ardent desire to behold and converse with a man whose name was so illustrious in English Literature, he determined on introducing himself to the great Lexicographer, in the hope that his youth and inexperience might plead his excuse. Accordingly, he proceeded to Bolt-court, and, after much hesitation, had actually his hand on the knocker, when his heart failed him, and he went away. The late Mr. D'Israeli used to relate, in conversation, a somewhat similar anecdote. Anxious to obtain the acquaintance and the countenance of so illustrious a name, and smitten with the literary enthusiasm of youth, he enclosed some verses of his own composition to Dr. Johnson, and, in a modest appeal, solicited the opinion of the great critic as to their merits. Having waited for some time without receiving any acknowledgment of his communication, he proceeded to Bolt-court, and laid his hand upon the knocker with the same feelings of shyness and hesitation which had influenced his youthful contemporary, Mr. Rogers. His feelings may be easily imagined, when, on making the necessary inquiries of the servant who opened the door, he was informed that, only a few hours before, the great lexicographer had breathed his last.

MILTON'S HOUSE.

Almost adjoining Finsbury-square is the New Artillery Ground, of which mention has already been made as the spot where the artillery was proved, and where the train-bands of the city were exercised. Close by was a most interesting spot, Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields, containing the house in which Milton completed his "Paradise Lost," and in which he breathed his last,

in November 1674. The site is pointed out by the present Artillery-place, Bunhill-row. Milton's nephew and biographer, Philips, informs us that during the time the great poet lived in Artillery Walk, he used, in fine summer weather, to sit at the door of his house, in a coarse grey cloth cloak, to enjoy the fresh air, and that in this manner he received the visits of persons of rank and genius, who came either to pay homage to him, or to enjoy his conversation. A Dr. Wright, a clergyman of Dorsetshire, informed Philips that he once paid a visit to the blind poet in Artillery Walk. He found him in a small apartment, on the first floor, hung with rusty green, where he was seated in an elbow-chair, neatly dressed in a black suit. His face was pale, but not cadaverous. He was suffering much from gout, and especially from chalk-stones; and he told Dr. Wright that were it not for the pain he endured, his blindness would be tolerable. It was in this house that he was visited by Dryden.

The following is a full description of a very curious relic of antiquity:

THE BALCONY OF BOW CHURCH.

Over the doorway of Bow Church, as seen from the side of Cheapside, may be observed a small balcony, to which considerable interest attaches itself. When tournaments were held in Cheapside, and when all great processions passed through this important thoroughfare, there stood on the north side of the old church, as early as the reign of Edward the Third, a stone building, called the Crown-sild or shed, in which the Kings of England and their consorts sat as spectators; and from this circumstance, there can be little doubt that the balcony to which we have alluded owes its origin. It was in the Crown-sild, in 1509, that Henry the Eighth, disguised in the garb of a yeoman of the guard, to witness the procession of the city watch at night, on the eve of St. John. "The city music," we are told, "preceded the Lord Mayor's officers in party-coloured liveries; then followed the sword-bearer, on horseback, in beautiful armour, before the Lord Mayor, mounted also on a stately horse, richly caparisoned, and attended by a giant and two pages on horseback, three pageants, morrice-dancers, and footmen. The sheriffs marched next, preceded also by their officers in proper liveries, and attended by their giants, pages, morrice-dancers and pageants; then followed a large body of demilancers in bright armour on stately horses; and after them a body of carabineers in white fustian coats, with the city arms upon their backs and breasts; a division of archers with their bows bent, and shafts of arrows by their side; a party of pikemen in crosslets and helmets; a body of halberdiers also in crosslets and helmets; and a great party of billmen, with helmets and aprons of mail, brought up the rear. The whole consisted of about two thousand, in several divisions, with musicians, drums, standards and ensigns, ranked and answering each other in proper places; who marched from the conduit at the west end of Cheapside, through Cheapside, Poultry, Cornhill and Leadenhall-street to Aldgate; and back again through Fenchurch-street, Gracechurch-street, Cornhill, and so back to the Conduit from whence it first set out; illuminated with nine hundred and forty cressets, or large lanterns, fixed at the ends of poles, and carried on men's shoulders; of which two hundred were provided at the expense of the city; five hundred at the expense of the incorporated companies, and two hundred and forty at the expense of the city constables. And besides these, the streets were well lighted with a great number of lamps hung against the houses on each side, decorated with garlands of flowers and greens." So delighted was King Henry with the spectacle, that on the occasion of the next procession, which took place on the eve of St. Peter and St. Paul, he carried the Queen and her ladies to witness the sight, from the "Crown-sild" in Cheapside. Charles the Second and Queen Anne are severally mentioned as witnessing the pageantry of Lord Mayor's day from a "balcony" in Cheapside, but whether or no it was from the "crown-sild" of Bow Church, we have no means of ascertaining.

The Common-Place Book of the late Robert Southey, LL.D. Poet Laureat. Second Series. London: Longman and Co. 1850.

THIS, as our readers will remember, is a publication containing all the strange odds and ends of books collected by Southey in the course of his researches into the literature of past times. It is an amusing miscellany, as the following extracts, taken at random, will sufficiently prove.

THE SPIRITUAL GLASSE.

Read distinctly.
Pray devoutly.
Sigh deeply.
Suffer patiently.
Make yourselves lowly.
Give not sentence hastily.
Speak but seldom, and that truly.
Present your speech discreetly.
Observe Ten* diligently.
Flee from Seven† mightily.
Guide Five‡ circumspectly.
Resist temptation strongly.
Break that off quickly.
Weep bitterly.
Have compassion tenderly.
Do good deeds lustily.
Love heartily.
Love faithfully.
Love God only.
Love all others for him charitably.
Love in adversity.
Love in prosperity.
Think always on Love, which is nothing but God himself.
Thus Love bringeth the Lover to Love, which is God himself.

From H. K. White's Papers: said there to be "from an old vellum MS. of the reign of Elizabeth."

THE FOURTH FINGER, OR DIGITUS MEDICUS, OF THE LEFT HAND.

We learn from Petronius Arbitrator that rings of gold are worn by noble persons on the medicinal finger of the left hand, called by the Latines, *digitus medicus*, as the little finger, his neighbour, *auricularis*. Aulus Gellius, in the tenth book and chapter of his *Attick Nights* (followed by the whole school of Physicians), declareth, that a small and subtilis arterie (but not a nerve, as Aulus Gellius, saith) proceedeth from the heart, to beat on this Physician finger. The motion of which arterie may be felt by touching the finger, as an index or demonstration, of whatsoever is next to the pulse, either in women in travail, or in weary and over-laboured persons, informing alwayes from time to time, when the heart beateth, or is offended.

This finger on the left hand, is rarely afflicted with the gout, for the sympathie and neighbourhood it hath with the heart (the first living and last dying) which conserveth the gouty, until such time as the infection of corrupted humours come to disperse themselves in the left crannies of the breast or stomach, under which is the point of the heart, and then this annular finger becometh glandulous and swolne. For then, when vitall heat is quenched and wholly abated (as a light without oyle) our lampe is extinguished, by the deviation of a whole part.

And the Canonists hold in the glosse of the chapter *femine* the thirtieth, and the fifth question, that to this physical finger, a veine answereth, which taketh his source and originall from the heart.

And this is the reason, why at sacring the most christian monarches of France (the onely solemne act which they doe in all their life) the ring of gold is put on the fourth finger of the left hand, in signe of a marriage that day, betwene them and the kingdom. As the same is done to married wives in the church."—FAVINE'S *Theatre of Honour and Knighthood*.

MARRIAGE—"GOOD WISHES IN THE LORD!"

Good manners forbid an address to a perfect stranger, and seem to check the freedom of claiming kindred in this case; but a paternal benediction is at least a harmless thing; and good wishes ought never to be out of fashion. Wherefore—

Dear madam,—As you have been a Rebeckah in resolution and a Ruth in your choice, I doubt not you will be a Sarah for respect and reverence; and may the object of your choice prove a Moses for meekness, a Job for patience, a Solomon for wisdom, a Joshua for resolution, a David for zeal, an Abraham in faith, an Isaac in fear, a Jacob in prayer, and in care and tenderness towards his flock; yea, may he be a Timothy for studiousness, a Paul for labours, and a Peter for his abundant success. And,

Dear sir,—As by information the Lord's gift to you has much of Rachel in her countenance, may she be a Leah for fruitfulness, an Abigail for prudence, a Martha for housewifery, a Dorcas for public spiritedness, and a Mary for preferring "the one thing needful." And like Zechariah and Elizabeth, may ye be long companions in a holy, heavenly, and conscientious walk before your God; and at last heirs and partakers of the

land of pure and never-ending felicity in the presence of God and the Lamb for ever. In fine, I wish you and your dear consort every prosperity of soul and body, and that the best of friends may dwell with you in your new habitation.

May plenty be ever found in your pantry—frugality in your kitchen; peace, piety, and prudence in your parlour; fervent devotion in your oratory; diligence and prayer in your study; fidelity and success in your flock—and the presence of the God of Bethel in all. I may add, as many look much at a minister's dress, as well as other things, I would earnestly recommend the fine linen of heart-purity, spirituality, and sincerity; the waistcoat of humility and self-diffidence, well lined with patience and self-denial under crosses; the outer garment of a holy, ornamental, and godly conversation in all things, at all times, and in all companies. This garment ought to be well trimmed with gravity, meekness, forbearance, brotherly-love, pity, and an ambition to be useful. These are kept tight about you, by "putting on the whole armour of God;" and to fence against blasts and chill-fits, the Holy Ghost has directed the use of zeal as a cloak; but great care ought to be taken that it be such as our Lord has worn before us, and not made of counterfeit materials, which have been often imposed upon us.

Excuse allegory drawn out to so tiresome a length, and allow me, in plainness of heart and speech, to say that I rejoice in your comforts, and wish you all supports and supplies. Remember you are in the wilderness; expect, therefore, your share of rough weather, and seek the things that are above. In your pilgrimage course live above, and live in Him who lives above. Keep a watch over your heart, that creatures steal it not from God; and hold your dearest creatures and comforts in the hand of resignation,—remembering they are but lent mercies, and we tenants-at-will in all our earthly possessions.—*Evangelical Magazine*, March, 1813.

SUPPER LUXURIES.

I will write
To you the glory of a pompous night,
Which none (except sobriety) who wit
Or clothes could boast, but freely did admit.
I (who still sin for company) was there,
And tasted of the glorious supper, where
Meat was the least of wonder; 'twas the nest
O' the Phoenix rifled seemed to anaze the feast,
And the ocean left so poor that it alone
Could since vaunt wretched herring and poor John.
Lucullus' surfeits were but types of this,
And whatsoever riot mentioned is
In story, did not dull zany play
To this proud night, which rather we'll term day.
For the artificial lights so thick were set,
That the bright sun seem'd this to counterfeit.
But seven (whom whether we would sages call,
Or deadly sins, I'll not dispute) were all
Invited to this pomp; and yet I dare
Pawn my lov'd muse, the Hungarian did prepare
Not half that quantity of victual when
He laid his happy siege to Nortlingen.
The mist of the perfumes was breathed so thick,
That lynx himself, tho' her sight famed so quick,
Had there scarce spy'd one sober: for the wealth
Of the Canaries was exhaust, the health
Of his good Majesty to celebrate.
Who'll judge them loyal subjects without that:
Yet they, who some fond privilege to maintain
Would have rebelled, their best frehold, their brain,
Surrendered there, and five fifteens did pay
To drink his happy life and reign. O day
It was thy piety to fly; thou hadst been
Found accessory else to this fond sin.
But I forget to speak each stratagem
By which the dishes entered, and in them
Each luscious miracle, as if more books
Had written been o' the mystery of cooks
Than the philosopher's stone: here we did see
All wonders in the kitchen alchemy.
But I'll not leave you there; before you part
You shall have something of another art,
A banquet raining down so fast, the good
Old patriarch would have thought a general flood.
Heaven opened, and from thence a mighty shower
Of amber comets its sweet self did pour
Upon our heads, and suckets from our eye,
Like thickened clouds did steal away the sky,
That it was questioned whether Heaven were
Black-friars, and each star a confectioner.

Habington.

Chambers's Papers for the People. Vol. IV. London: W. & R. Chambers. 1850.

There is a tale, not up to the average, entitled "The Black Pocket-Book." It deals in the improbable; and the incidents are awkwardly constructed. The other papers are, however, all on attractive subjects: "The

Bourbon Family;" "California;" "Fenelon;" "Every-day Life of the Greeks;" "Lady Marjory St. Just—an Autobiography;" "Science of the Sunbeam;" and "Sir Robert Peel."

Shropshire: with its Railways. H. J. COLLINS. 1850.

THIS is the first of a series of sixpenny maps designed for every-day use in offices and private establishments, and so made as to be perfectly portable. Great care seems to have been taken to ensure accuracy. Railways and all principal public objects are distinctly marked, and the print is peculiarly clear. The divisions of the county are shown by careful colouring. The series will be of great service to travellers who also wish to have an atlas that will not be inconmodious in the library or the office.

RELIGION.

Tracts on the New Testament Histories. By Mrs. BEST, Author of "Tracts on the Parables," &c. 2 vols. Vol. 1. The Life of Christ. London: Houlston and Stoneman. 1850.

Mrs. BEST has put her histories into the shape of discourses. The style is agreeable, and the length not too great. We think, however, the references are too numerous, considering that the book is designed for young people. The illustrations are a disgrace both to the subject treated, and to those who are concerned in getting up the work. In the effort to attain cheapness, quality should not be overlooked.

Aunt Atta: a Tale for the Nephews and Nieces. By the Author of "Tales of Kirkbeck," &c. London: W. J. Cleaver. 1850.

WE have not seen a prettier or more genial tale for children than this. There is no appearance of teaching about it, and yet each page contains instruction on practical matters that will go directly to the mind of the child. For instance, the accident of a dove flying in at the window serves in its consequences to impart a deal of information on natural history—and all is a part of the fiction. The work is well got up.

The Method of the Divine Government, Physical and Moral. By the Rev. JAMES McCOSH, A.M. Second Edition. London: Simpkin and Co. 1850.

MR. McCOSH's first edition has been rapidly bought by the Scotch public, an occurrence which draws from him "gratitude to the God of Providence, . . . and to the public press, which, with scarcely an exception, has given it a welcome beyond its merits." Some slight additions have been made to the text of the work, and the Discussions on Fundamental Principles have been transferred to an appendix. MR. McCOSH's doctrines are, with very slight differences of detail, those promulgated so extensively and usefully by the late Dr. CHALMERS—of whom he is a great admirer, and was a pupil. As a theologian, MR. McCOSH is hardly less entitled to distinction than was his learned teacher.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The Manual of Geography: Physical and Political. Profusely Illustrated. By EDWARD FARR, F.S.A.: A. Hall, Virtue, & Co. 1850.

MR. FARR is the author of several excellent educational works. The present one claims praise for its succinctness, and compactness of arrangement. The illustrations are very numerous and good. As well by schools and families, the work will be found useful, and especially adapted to the young.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The Eclectic Review, for September, has a very sensible and moderate examination of the works of FOXTON, FROUDE, and NEWMAN. The tone is more liberal than is generally found in so-called religious magazines. The writer would rather rely upon argument and discussion as means to controvert the doctrines propounded by the above-named trio, than seek to stifle inquiry. "Aubrey De Vere's Sketches of Greece and Turkey" form the subject of an agreeable article;

* Commandments. † Deadly Sins. ‡ Senses.

the other papers being on "Peppys's Diary and Correspondence," "Memoir of Dr. Hengh," "The Punishment of Death" is again returned to, and the editor has furnished herein a continuation of the arguments so eloquently enforced in former essays. "Building Societies," "Tennyson's Poems," and "Byam's Western Republics of America," are other three of the popular topics handled.

The Gentleman's Magazine and Historical Review, for September. There are upwards of forty articles in this number. "The remains of Roman Art at Cirencester" is a full description of these valuable historical relics; and two large illustrations accompany it. "Monuments in Oxford Cathedral" is also a valuable contribution; and with it two plates are also given.

The Palladium, for September, gains stability and polish as it progresses. The selection of papers in this number is varied. "Currier Bell," "The Parliamentary Session of 1850," "Wordsworth," "The British Association," "Combe's Life and Correspondence," some tales, and several long criticisms, make up a large as well as a good shilling number.

The Mirror of the Time. Part I, for September. Another cheap magazine, after the manner of Chambers's, and published at the same price. The papers are well written, and social questions are boldly treated. The tales are tolerable.

The British Gazetteer. Part 17, extends from Holy Island to Illezingfield; and has maps and engravings as usual.

The Catholic Magazine and Register has a greater variety than usual, all, however, in support of Romanism, as the reader would probably have inferred.

The Cottage Gardener, for August, fully realises its purpose of being a practical guide in every department of horticulture.

The People's Journal has large wood-cut engravings of "Stephano, Trinculo, Caliban, and Ariel," of "An Incident described in Peppy's Diary," and of "News from California."

Half-Hours with the best Authors. Part V. Charles Knight.

The National Cyclopaedia of Useful Knowledge. Part XLIV., is from "Strawplait" to "Talcalls," inclusive.

Pictorial Half-Hours. Part IV. Edited by Charles Knight.

The Imperial Cyclopaedia. Part IV., runs from "Buckinghamshire" to "Carnatie," and there are two maps, and a host of engravings.

The Land we Live In. Part XXXV., treats of Cheltenham, Gloucester, and Brighton.

The Churchman's Companion, for September.

The Looker-On, for September.

The Ecclesiastic, for September.

The Family Herald, for August.

IRISH LITERARY JOURNAL.

Dublin Quarterly Journal of Medical Science, for August.—This periodical reflects considerable credit on the Irish medical profession; it has stood its ground for a very lengthened period, and has always been conducted with talent and skill. Amongst the articles in the number before us, that by Dr. KIDD, on "Imputed Poisoning," will be read with interest, not only by medical men, but also by members of the legal profession, who will find in it some valuable information respecting a very critical department of medical jurisprudence. In addition to the several able contributions on purely professional subjects, there are some which take a wider range. Amongst these there is a paper on "Temperance and Total Abstinence," in which the writer (and we think with truth) argues that the friends of total abstinence have failed to show that society is injured by the moderate use of alcoholic liquors. The writer contends that the abuse of such drinks is, of course, to be condemned, but that their use, within proper limits, is, in many cases, beneficial to the human frame. An article entitled "The Adulteration of Food and Medicine," develops some very extraordinary illustrations of the extent to which the practices it condemns are carried on. It is well deserving of perusal by general as well as professional readers. The entire number is most creditable to Dr. NELIGAN the able editor.

Dublin University Magazine, for September.—This able periodical continues to maintain its high position. In the number before us there is food for every taste, and each department is well sustained. For "light summer reading," "Maurice Tierney," and a couple of tales, will be found most pleasing company. The literary student will reap profit and pleasure from the able review of "Leigh Hunt," the scathing *exposé* of "French Novels and Novelists," and the notice of

"Wordsworth's New Poem." There is a "Sketch of Sir Robert Peel," in the number, written, of course, in unison with the protectionist views of the magazine; and there is another interesting contribution on the subject of the "Aeronatic experiment of MM. Bixio and Barral in Paris." The article of the present publication is one tracing the progress of the "Incumbered Estates Court." The writer, unfortunately, thought it necessary to throw a slight dash of sectarian feeling into the article; but, taken as a whole, it is a very powerful *exposé* of the "ills that flesh is heir to" in Chancery, and a skilful detail of the proceedings of the Henrietta-street tribunal. It is well to see a landlord magazine stepping beyond the trammels of *Glengallism*, into the region of common-sense. Every man who wants to understand the machinery of the Incumbered Estates Court, without resorting to books requiring technical information, should read this article.

LAW PROPERTY ASSURANCE AND TRUST SOCIETY.

THE duty of the Solicitor is not limited to the procuring for his client a good title; he is bound also to see that the security is sufficient in value. Entrusted with the putting out of money on mortgage, he should take every possible precaution against ultimate loss, by requiring that the mortgagor shall place in his hands whatever may tend to make the property available under any circumstances.

But it was well known to those engaged in mortgage transactions, that difficulties are continually arising that render the satisfactory completion of mortgages very troublesome and costly, and often altogether impracticable. We have no means of estimating the proportion which unmortgageable property bears to that which is capable of being mortgaged, but experience proves it to be very considerable. But there is a still greater proportion mortgageable for only a fraction of its value because of objections to its tenure. The consequence of this has been the locking-up of a vast amount of property, to the serious inconvenience of the owners, and to the great loss of the Profession, whose interest it is to facilitate the transmission of property from hand to hand, and the readiest acceptance of it as a security in the money market.

The two great classes of difficulties that stand in the way of mortgages are difficulties of title and difficulties of tenure.

The difficulties of tenure that prevent persons from advancing money at all, or only a small proportion of its value, on any property, are, either its limited extent, or its uncertainty—its being terminable after a certain number of years, or upon death. Of course a lender will not advance to nearly the present value of property which, because it is held only for a term, is diminishing in value every day, and must, after awhile, be lost to the owner altogether; still less will he do so if it be possible that the very day after the mortgage is executed the life on which the property is held might drop, and so the property and the money advanced on it be lost together.

An assurance, it is obvious, would at once remove the difficulty. By insuring a leasehold to its present value, to be paid when the term expires, the property forthwith acquires a fixed value; it becomes, in fact, for all practical purposes of sale or mortgage, a freehold, or rather, something better than a freehold, for that may deteriorate in value by other changes, while an assured leasehold will always, and under all circumstances, be worth the sum for which it is assured. The same principle is obviously applicable to every kind of tenure that is terminable or uncertain, and especially to *lifeholds* and *copyholds*, so as to make them

also quite as secure for mortgage as are freeholds.

The second class of difficulties that hitherto have impeded the mortgage and sale of property, are those arising from defects in title. It is well known that the defects are of two kinds. First, are those which constitute a positively bad title, that is to say, no title at all, or rather such a title as might be defeated at any moment. Such a title is of course uninsurable. The other class of defects in title consists of such as affect only its marketable value; that is to say, defects which arise from circumstances that are not likely to happen, but which being possible, the law holds to be defects which a purchaser is not bound to accept; and consequently, property so situated is incapable of being sold or mortgaged, although it is a perfectly good and safe property to hold. Now it is quite obvious, that such defects as these may be cured by the principle of assurance. By assuring such a title good to hold, though one which equity will not compel a purchaser to take, property at present useless and worthless for any practical purpose, may be rendered perfectly secure for purposes of sale or of mortgage, and from being the worst it will become the best of all properties on which to lend money, because the title is safer than one not so secured. Indeed, it is a question whether in every case such an assurance of title should not be required by the mortgagee's solicitor, for the cost is trifling to the mortgagor, and it will justify the lender in advancing a much larger sum than upon property not so assured. In the case of trustees advancing trust-moneys, for which they are responsible, there can be no doubt that it is their duty, or rather it is that of their solicitor, peremptorily to insist upon the title being assured, for they are bound, on pain of personal liability for neglect of duty, to require the best security that can be obtained.

It was with a view to remove these practical difficulties, which impede the ready sale and mortgage of property to an extent little known to the public, that the *Law Property Assurance Society* was established. Already the experience of that society amply justifies the anticipations we had formed of the utility of the design, and its applicability for all the purposes of its formation, in the entire removal of the existing impediments to the ready sale and mortgage of property. Sincerely believing it to be an institution fraught with incalculable benefits to the owners of real property, knowing it to be no visionary scheme, but a practical remedy suggested by experience for great practical evils, we invite to it the special attention of all of our readers who are concerned in sales or mortgages of estates, reminding them that it affords to them the ready means of converting leaseholds, copyholds, lifeholds, and all terminable interests in property, into the value of freeholds for all purposes of mortgage or sale, and that it will render a title that is good to hold, but not to sell, as saleable and as mortgageable as is the very best title.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT CHAT.

THE Olympic Theatre has been taken by Mr. Farren, and is announced to be open on Monday with the Strand company. A new burlesque is the only novelty.—The *Times* mentions, as if on authority, that M. Meyerbeer has undertaken to confide a new score to the Royal Italian Opera for the season 1851.—Last week, Mr. Charles Kean had an interview with Prince Albert relative to the theatricals which are to take place at Windsor Castle next winter.—An *Italian Opera*

buffa is on the tapis for Drury Lane at "easy prices," to be started almost immediately, under whose guidance, or who the singers are, we have not heard.—The Académie de Musique in Paris was re-opened on Monday. Mdllie. Alboni appeared in the part of "La Favorite."—Mr. Barnum has offered a premium of 200 dollars for the best national song, to be sung by Jenny Lind as an introduction on her arrival in America.—Rossini is carrying on the rehearsal at his residence, and with great secrecy, of a new *chef-d'œuvre*, to which it is said he attaches the highest importance. A great portion of his time is occupied with the tenor Donzelli in the perfection of this work. It is thought it will be produced at Bologna in the course of the ensuing month.—Mr. G. A. Osborne, the eminent pianist and composer, has been created Chevalier de l'ordre de la Couronne de Chêne, by his Majesty William III., King of the Netherlands.—Among other visitors whom we may expect at the Great Exhibition next year will be a German chorus, made up of many *Liedertafel* societies, rivalling in number the never-to-be-forgotten Cologne gathering (an assemblage of more than 2,000 voices), the intention of which is to give performances in London.—The French Opera House, which has been so long closed, re-opened its portals on Monday. Alboni was to appear in the *Favourite*. Frederick Lemaitre is going to migrate still higher up the Boulevards, and is going to act at the Gaité during the winter.—An English gentleman, named Bowes, has contracted for the lease of the Theatre des Variétés at Paris for a number of years, for an enormous sum, the French papers say 60,000*l.*, but other accounts say that it is only 40,000*l.* or thereabouts. This dramatic *Mecenas*, intends, say the Paris journals, to confide the management of the theatre to Mdllie. Delorme, an actress of reputation.—We learn that it is the intention of the committee of the Grand National Concerts, to produce original lyrical works by native composers. George Macfarren and Edward Loder are already engaged, and we believe an offer has been made to John Barnett, the author of *The Mountain Sylph*. Balfe will be the musical director; Herr Molique, leader; and the celebrated Musard is to be entrusted with the composing and conducting of the dance-music. We understand also that the world-famous chorus of the Berlin Chapel Royal, consisting of seventy male voices, under the direction of Kapel-Meister Neidhardt, has been secured. The orchestra will amount to ninety-eight performers.—At Madrid a new grand Italian Opera House, built at the expense of the state, to be called "Teatro del Oriente," is about to be opened, and Ronconi is gone to appear at the opening; he is a great favourite with the people of Madrid, and was director of the opera there for two years.—Alboni has appeared at the grand Opera at Paris in the part of *Léonore* in *La Favorite* with great success; she had sung in the provinces before, at Bourdeaux and other places. Roger is the *Fernand*, Barroillet resumes his "creation" of the *King*, and Levasseur *Balthazar*. This new cast gives the opera all the charm and attraction of novelty. The Opera House has been restored and beautifully decorated.

ART JOURNAL.

The History of Ancient Art. Translated from the German of JOHN WINCKELMANN, by G. HENRY LODGE. Vol. II. Boston: Munroe & Co.*

It is pleasing to observe, at a time when the subject of the Fine Arts occupies so large a place in the public mind, the appearance of a translation of a work on the principles of Art of so classic a reputation as that of WINCKELMANN. There are few works for which we have looked with more interest than this, and our high anticipations have been more than realized in the volume before us, which is one of the most elegant in the elegance of taste, not of lavish gold leaf, ever issued from an American press, and decidedly the most valuable publication on the Fine Arts yet produced in America.

This volume on Greek Art forms the second of the entire work, and has preceded the first, which treats of the Egyptian, Phœnician, Etruscan, and other early schools, on account

of the superior interest and importance of Greek Art. We trust that the appearance of its fellow will not be long delayed.

Dr. LODGE has executed a difficult task with great elegance, and shown equal taste in the selection of the illustrations, which impart a value to the volume as a work of art, apart from the book itself. The head of BACCHUS, taken from WINCKELMANN's *Monumenti Antichi Illustrati*, is a most exquisitely engraved representation of one of the greatest glories of the Antique. It is a fine opening to the volume, raising and attuning the mind to the height of that which is to follow; and, to take a mercantile view, offers a temptation to the book buyer of taste, which he will find it hard to resist.

As our present occupation is not with the biography of WINCKELMANN, we need not follow him through his early struggle to the long-desired visit to Rome, which was the foundation of the volume before us, and at once gave him a high position among the best men of his time, and gained him the friendship of GOETHE. These early struggles, however, are connected with his works, because they show a firmness and perseverance which cannot but make us admire the man, and render that respect to his opinions which is due to the strong-minded and high-minded.

The work is an investigation of the principles of Greek Art. In the opening book are shown the circumstances in Greece favouring the development of Art, in the mild climate of the country, with the out-door life of the people, and the development of the physical beauty which they so greatly prized:

Since, therefore, beauty was thus desired and prized by the Greeks, nothing was concealed which could enhance it. Every beautiful person sought to become known to the whole nation by this endowment, and especially to please the artists, because they decreed the prize of beauty, and for this very reason they had an opportunity of seeing beauty daily. Beauty was an excellence which led to fame; for we find that the Greek histories make mention of those who were distinguished for it. Some persons were even characterized by a particular name, borrowed from some beautiful portion of the body; thus Demetrius Poliorettes was named from the beauty of his eyelids. It appears, indeed, to have been a belief, that the procreation of beautiful children might be promoted by the distribution of prizes for beauty, as there is reason to infer from the contests of beauty which were instituted in the remotest ages by Cypselus, King of Arcadia, in the time of the Heraclidæ, on the banks of the river Alpheus in Elis; and also from the fact that, at the festival of the Phœsian Apollo, a prize for the most exquisite kiss was conferred on the youthful. Its assignment was subject to the decision of a judge, as was probably also the case at Megara, at the tomb of Diocles. At Sparta, and at Lesbos, in the temple of Juno, and among the citizens of Parrhasia, the women contended for the prize of beauty. The regard for this quality was so general and so strong, that, as Oppian declares, the Spartan women placed in their sleeping rooms an Apollo, or Bacchus, or Nereus, or Narcissus, or Hyacinthus, or Castor and Pollux, in order that they might bear beautiful children. If it is true, what Dion Chrysostom asserts of his own time, and that of Trajan, that manly beauties had ceased to be an object of regard, that people no longer knew how to prize them, then this very disregard may be considered as one cause of the decline of art at that time.

The humane disposition of the Greeks, as compared with the Romans, was also favourable to Art. So also their free institutions. The national taste was also shown in their fondness for statues, which they caused to be erected not only to their heroes, but to the victors in the games, and even to the successful horses in the chariot races. The statues of the deities inspired, of course, the still higher reverence of devotion. The statues, conspic-

uously placed and everywhere honoured, naturally offered the highest incentive to the youthful sculptor to aspire to similar excellence, when, in the words of our author, "the artist had the whole nation for judges of his work." The like feeling produced like happy results in the noblest period of Italian Art, when Art was the handmaid of Religion, and they will again appear when the artist is again called upon for the highest exercise of his art, the exhibition of the "Beauty of Holiness," and the triumphs of his Christian Faith.

The freedom of the Greeks, and the high thoughts as noble deeds it inspired, had also its effect, and with these were combined the social position of the artist, his intercourse with philosophers and statesmen:

The uses to which art was applied sustained its greatness. Being consecrated to the gods, and devoted only to the holiest and best purposes in the land, at the same time that economy and simplicity characterized the abodes of the citizens, the artist was not cramped in the grandeur of his subject or of his conceptions to suit the size of the dwelling or gratify the fancy of its proprietor, but his work was made to conform to the lofty ideas of the whole nation. We know that Miltiades, Themistocles, Aristides, and Cimon, the leaders and deliverers of Greece, resided in no better houses than their neighbours. The dwellings of the opulent differed from ordinary houses only in having a court, which was inclosed by the building, and in which the master of the family was accustomed to sacrifice. Tombs were regarded as sacred edifices; we must not, therefore be surprised that Nicias, the celebrated painter, was willing to be employed in embellishing with his pencil a tomb before the city of Trifolia, in Achaia. We must also consider how much emulation in art was fostered, when cities rivalled each other in the endeavour to obtain a beautiful statue, and when a whole people defrayed the expense of statues, not only to the gods, but also to the Victors in the public games. Some few cities were known, even in ancient times, merely through one exquisite statue—as Aliphera by a Pallas in bronze, executed by Hecatomorus and Sostratus.

The author then touches upon painting, which he thinks always occupied a lower position in Greece than sculpture, for this reason:

Sculpture promoted the worship of the gods, and was in its turn promoted by it. But painting had no such advantage. It was, indeed, consecrated to the Gods and Temples; and some few of the latter, as that of Juno at Samos, were Pinacothecæ, or picture galleries; at Rome, likewise, paintings by the best masters were hung up in the Temple of Peace, that is, in the upper rooms or arches. But paintings do not appear to have been, among the Greeks, an object of holy, undoubting reverence and adoration. There is not at least, among all those noticed by Pliny and Pausanias, a single one which obtained the honour, unless, perchance, an allusion to such a picture may be discovered in the passage from Phila in the note.

In Chapter II. the author approaches his topic, the "Essential of Art," that is the embodiment of Beauty, with a noble diffidence, well befitting the lofty subject:

I imagine myself, in fact, appearing in the Olympic Stadium, where I seem to see countless statues of young, manly heroes, and two-horse and four-horse chariots of bronze, with the figures of the victors erect thereon, and other wonder of art. Indeed, my imagination has several times plunged me into such a reverie, in which I have likened myself to those athletes, since my essay is to be regarded as no less doubtful in its issue than theirs. I cannot but think of myself thus, when venturing on the enterprise of elucidating the principles and causes of many works of art, visible around me, and of their lofty beauties; in which attempt, as in the contests of beauty, I see before me, not one, but numerous enlightened judges.

He proceeds to show that the estimation of beauty in Art as in Nature is modified by in-

* We are indebted for this notice to the Editor of the *New York Literary World*.

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THE *Art Journal*, for September, has three engravings from pictures in the Vernon Gallery. The subjects of these are "The Countess," from Sir T. LAWRENCE's picture; "A Highland Cottage," by A. FRASER; "The Port of Leghorn," by Sir A. W. CALCOTT. "Ariel," and "A Garden," form subjects of woodcuts for illustrations of passages from poets. The editor continues to give great attention to the progress of preparations for the Great Exhibition; and, notwithstanding that artists, as well as the public generally, are in the full enjoyment of vacation just now, he has never presented a number richer in original articles.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

IN passing through Edinburgh, Prince Albert, on the 30th ult., laid the foundation stone for the National Gallery on the Mound.—The statue to the late professor Samuel Cooper, F.R.S., is completed, and a public meeting of medical men will shortly be convened to decide where it shall be placed. Opinion appears to be divided between University College Hospital and the Royal College of Surgeons.—Louis Philippe has presented to the state of the Standish collection of pictures, the possession of which was confirmed to him by a recent award of the Conseil d'Etat.—An equestrian statue of Her Majesty is about to be erected in Glasgow, in commemoration of the Royal visit in 1849.—By letters from Florence we learn that Hiram Powers, the American sculptor, has completed a grand allegorical figure of his country. The statue, a female, has a diadem beneath her feet, and in her hand the cap of liberty. The figure finds her support on the fæces, —indicative, it is said, of the fact that justice is the true foundation of a free commonwealth. The destination of the statue is reported to be Washington.—The original engravings of Landseer's "Highland Pastime," and "Devonshire Sport," which are in Landseer's earlier style, and more highly elaborated than his later productions, having become exhausted, the Messrs. Dickinson, of Bond-street, in whom the copyright of the engravings rests, are preparing for publication two fresh prints, which are being executed in a beautiful style of mezzotint.—Amongst the portraits of the late Sir R. Peel, which have recently been exhibited, there is perhaps no one in which fidelity of likeness, both as to features and expression and correctness of drawing and colouring, are better preserved, than in a small half-length picture painted by Mr. J. Linnell about eight or ten years ago, and now to be seen at the establishment of Mr. White, at 28, Maddox-street. The late statesman is represented as he appeared in life, not as if got up for the purpose of sitting for a portrait. His peculiar and characteristic expression is at once recognised, and the artist has been happy in giving the mannerism by which he was distinguished.—A very interesting gallery of views, being the whole of the coloured lithographic drawings hitherto completed, and a number of the original paintings by Mr. Stanfield, R.A., Mr. Cattermole, and the other eminent artists employed in the illustration of the work entitled *Scotland Delineated*, has been opened gratuitously to

the patrons of art, at the establishment of Messrs. Leggett & Co., 79, Cornhill.—The aggregate amount realized by the sale of the King of Holland's collection is said to be 1,222,837 florins—about 108,000*l*. Of those pictures which have found their way into this country the purchases for the Marquis of Hertford amounted to 15,500*l*. Mr. Woodburn, our readers will have seen, is the largest buyer of drawings. A contemporary states that he bought 108 lots at a cost of about 36,700 florins.—The Paris Exhibition of Works of Living Artists is fixed to commence on the 15th of December next. Englishmen will be allowed to exhibit on exactly the same conditions as natives, provided their works be declared of sufficient merit by a jury nominated by the artists themselves.—The *Art Journal* informs us that a method of ornamenting black marble has recently been discovered, which is by extracting the colouring matter of the marble (bitumen) without injuring its surface; and by extracting the colour to a greater or less degree different shades are produced, giving it the effect of an engraving; indeed the method pursued is nearly the same as aquatint engraving. Another mode of ornamenting black marble is by scratching the polished surface with a steel or diamond point, which produces a white mark of different degrees of intensity according to the depth of the scratch, by which means, in skilful hands, beautiful engravings are produced.

DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The Adelphi company is still at this house, and it has received an important addition by the return of Mr. HUDSON, who has been "starring" for two years in America with great success. He is not only the best Irish actor we have at present, but he sings well, and is a lively performer in parts out of his usual line. When he made his appearance last night in M. Bourcault's clever play of the *Knight of Aca*, he was received with loud and continued acclamations.

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Mr. FARREN has at length removed his small but well disciplined company to this house. He has produced *Giralda* with almost unexampled rapidity. The original piece, it is stated, is written by Monsieur Scribe, and is at the present moment a source of nightly attraction at the Opera Comique in Paris. It is founded on a story by La Fontaine, and the subject is extremely well adapted to dramatic purposes. The scene is laid in Spain, and the principal characters are Don Philip of Arragon, Mr. W. FARREN, jun.; Don Manuel de Calcedos, Mr. LEIGH MURRAY; Piquillo, a miller, Mr. COMPTON; The Princess Isabel of Arragon, Mrs. Leigh Murray; and *Giralda*, Mrs. STERLING. The play was most satisfactorily performed, and is to be repeated.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—Mr. PHELPS still wisely pursues his practice of relying upon the higher order of Drama. Beyond the revival of Mr. Leigh Hunt's *Legend of Florence*, there has not been a novelty since the opening of the house. *Hamlet*, which is produced with a great deal of care and taste, and in which Mr. PHELPS plays the *Royal Dane*, has proved the most popular piece.

THE NEW STRAND THEATRE.—Mr. BOLTON has succeeded to the lessorship of this house, with but little promise of a favourable campaign. *Ballet* is made a leading feature in the performances—a class of display to which the Little Strand is quite unsuited, and from which its reputation is dissociated.

THE COLOSSEUM AND CYCLOPAMA continue to attract numbers of sight seers. No abatement of the spirit with which this elegant place of resort is conducted is discernible.

THE DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—A reduction in the price of admission seems to have been very acceptable to vacation visitors. *The Royal Castle of Stolzenfels*, and *The Shrine of the Nativity*, are still exhibited.

BURFORD'S PANORAMA.—As long as the Arctic Regions and Irish Scenery continue to be the subject of two of Mr. BURFORD'S Panoramas, he seems to incur no danger of an empty house. These pictures are artistic triumphs, and should bring him a fair reward.

THE PANORAMA OF THE NILE (Egyptian Hall), and **THE PANORAMA OF AUSTRALIA** (Leicester Square), still continue open. Each one still has a fair share of the patronage they deserve.

THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—*Punch* ridicules the variety to be found in this institution, forgetting that the variety is so well generalized as to form, in fact, many distinct exhibitions and sources of instruction.

NECROLOGY OF AUTHORS, ARTISTS, AND PHYSICIANS.

M. DE BALZAC.

FRENCH fiction has lost one of its most forcible, fertile, and popular authors, by the recent death of M. de Balzac, which our foreign contemporaries have just announced. We will not here attempt to offer a chronicle of the literary works of this voluminous and vivid writer. Many curious particulars of the history of his mind and works were given by M. Jules Janin in the French series which he contributed to the papers on the "Literature of the Nineteenth Century" that appeared in our columns seventeen years ago (see *Athenaeum*, No. 499.) It will be enough to state here that M. de Balzac was a native of Touraine, by some years older than the present century. He was educated at college, and thence passed at once into the whirl of Parisian literary life; for many years writing and publishing obscurely under the pseudonyme of Horace de St. Aubin, and only in 1829 signing his "Peau de Chagrin" with the real name which was subsequently to become so famous. His earlier tales, so far as we recollect them, were comparatively crude and hasty sketches, lacking truth and distinctive character. To some writers, however, this profusion of attempt by way of preparation, is necessary—ripening in place of exhausting their faculties. While a Scott comes at once to his meridian as a novelist in "Waverley,"—a Thackeray tries his hand year after year on this and the other combination ere he arrives at a "Vanity Fair." It is the career not before, but after the arrival which marks the place of the author; and among some hundred novels which succeeded the proclamation of M. de Balzac's identity, we need but mention "Le Père Goriot," "La Femme de Trente Ans," (that most exquisite picture of Beauty in the afternoon of her charms and triumphs—still charming, still triumphant!) "Eugénie Grandet," and "Un Grand Homme de Province à Paris," as indications of the richness of the vein, when once, by experiment, and after difficulty and with experience, it was opened. Greater power has rarely been put forth in fiction than the above works display. It is true that we have in them too much of the anatomy of bad passions and false morals, (the fault of the author, or of the society depicted by him?) but withal such a clearness of vision—such a direct attack on our sympathies or antipathies—such a mastery over the craft of story-telling, as enthrall us with a fascination the like of which is rarely evoked on this side of the Channel. Though we are grieved—pained—revolted—we are still held as fast by one of M. de Balzac's novels as was the Wedding Guest by the "Ancient Mariner" till the tale was told out. For the moment the prodigious fecundity of M. de Balzac may have stood in the way of his gaining a high literary reputation; but it is assured, we think, for the future, in right of the works specified and some dozen besides.—Tempted by the great gains which attend theatrical success in Paris, M. de Balzac frequently, of later days, tried the stage; but there he kept his repulsiveness, without making any dramatic effect. It is as a novelist that he must live in the history of French literature of the nineteenth century:—before M. Süe the social, and M. Paul de Kock the comical,—betwixt M. Hugo, the poet-romancer, and M. Dumas, the manufacturing poet.—*Athenaeum*.

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

AN invention has been patented, called the "Auto-graphic Press," by which a letter written on prepared paper can be transferred by a short process to a metallic plate, from which any number of copies may afterwards be taken on common paper, and by ordinary pressure.

A NEW FOSSIL FUEL.—A most interesting discovery has been made in Russia, between Dorpat and Norva, of a combustible as carboniferous and calefactory as coal. It is of a yellowish brown colour, with white spots, and is the subject of much speculation, being said to be of a much earlier geological period than any known coal-field.—*Mining Journal*.

ASTRONOMICAL COMPARISONS.—Professor Airy having stated to the Lords of the Treasury that Mr. Otto von Struve, one of the astronomers of the Imperial Observatory of Pulkows, near St. Petersburg, was expected to arrive in England, bringing with him the standard bar employed in the great Indian survey, which has been entrusted to the Russian astronomers for comparison with the standards used in the great Russian survey, and that it was important that this standard bar should be landed in its case with as little disturbance as possible, their Lordships have desired one of their secretaries to give the necessary directions to the proper authorities, in order that the standard

bar in question might be examined with the utmost possible care, and be at once delivered.

NEWLY DISCOVERED METAL.—According to a paper read before the Stockholm Academy of Sciences, a new metal has been discovered by M. Ulgren, and has received the name *Aridium*. This substance is found principally in the chrome-iron ores of Reoras. Its oxides show some analogy to those of iron, but may be distinguished from them by several re-actions. Thus, with prussiate of potash, a solution of the peroxide gives, indeed, like iron, a dark blue precipitate, but on adding excess of the prussiate, it passes into a dirty green. Metallic aridium has not yet been obtained.

M. Guillen y Calomarde has just discovered a new telescopic star between the polar star and *Cynosure*, near to the rise of the tail of the Little Bear—a star at least that certainly did not exist in October last. M. Calomarde endeavoured to determine if this star could be the same as that observed by Arzachel de Tolède in 1109, and which disappeared three years after it was first seen. He found, however, that this could not be, for the old star was placed in the body of the Little Bear, and the new one is much nearer the polar star, and farther from *Cynosure*. According to the observations of M. Calomarde, the new star should have an increasing brilliancy, and it is likely that in less than a month this star, which is now visible only through a telescope, may be seen with the naked eye.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A NEW edition, the fourth, of *Mary Barton* is in the press.—John Ruskin, the eloquent critic, has a volume on Architecture in the press, which is to prepare the way for his work on the *Stones of Venice*.—Thackeray has made an agreement for a new Christmas Book.—A new work for children is announced by George Sand, to be illustrated by her son Maurice; its title is *Histoire du véritable Gribouille*.—A General Index to the *Edinburgh Review* from the fifty-first to the eightieth volume, inclusive, is at length published.

Bulwer has commenced a new novel in *Blackwood*.—A *Life of Sir Robert Peel*, in two vols., giving an historical account of his public career and his best speeches, is announced by Professor Kunzel, of Darmstadt.—The Senate of the University of Padua is preparing for publication two curious works, of which the manuscripts are in the library of that establishment.

One is a translation in Hebrew verse of the *Divina Commedia* of Dante, by Samuel Rieti, Grand Rabbi of Padua in the sixteenth century. The second is a translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, likewise in Hebrew, in stanzas of eighteen verses of a very complicated metre, from the pen of the Rabbi Sabbati-Mari, the successor of Rieti, who was celebrated as a philosopher and physician. He died in the year 1680, in the 94th year of his age.—Mr. Robert Stephenson has declined the honour of knighthood.—M. Philarete Chasles, in his eloquent and just obituary notice of M. de Balzac, contributed to the *Journal des Débats*, recalls an anecdote worth noting as a trait of character. In M. de Balzac's library, some years ago, there was found by a visitor a statuette of Napoleon in plaster, with a strip of paper wafered to it *en bandeau*, and on the strip of paper was written,—"That which Napoleon left unfinished with his sword, I will complete with my pen! Honoré de Balzac."—From some law proceedings before one of the Paris courts, reported in the newspapers, it appears that M. Ledru Rollin has had to bring an action against the purchaser of the copyright of his famous *Decadence of England*, to recover payment of the bills of exchange given for the work. The unfortunate purchaser has pleaded in his defence that the work has not sold at all, and that he has got whole rooms full of copies, or, as he expressed it, "nightingales" (the technical term of French publishers for unsaleable works).—The Minister of the Interior has decided that the marble bust of M. de Balzac shall be placed in the gallery of the celebrated men of the 19th century in the Museum of Versailles. He at the same time decided that the marble necessary for the statue shall be offered to the subscription formed for raising a monument to the celebrated writer.

The Rev. Dr. Jeremie, recently elected Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, has received from the Court of Directors, in consideration of his services during twenty years as Classical Professor and Dean at the East India Civil College, the present of a valuable piece of plate.—The *Moniteur* publishes a decree of the French President, declaring the professorship of Mathematics in the Colleges of France, held by M. Libri, to be vacant, in consequence of his absence, and that the amount of salary due to M. Libri is to be returned to the Treasury. A second decree declares that the seat in the Academy of Science (section of

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It was at the topmost pinnacle of greatness which he could ever have hoped to attain that the world vanished from him. His fatherland awaited his return, friends stretched out their arms to embrace him, all the expressions of the affection which were so necessary to his existence, all the testimonials of public respect,

which he so highly esteemed, needed only his presence to be heaped upon him. And we may also esteem him happy in this respect, that he rose from the culminating point of earthly existence to the home of the Blessed; and that a short conflict and a quick smart withdrew him from among the living. He felt not the crushing weight of years, nor the weakening of intellectual powers, nor the dispersal of the Art treasures, which, although anticipated, did not take place before his eyes. He lived as a Man, and it was as a fully developed Man that he was taken away. And he has the advantage of appearing ever to posterity as one in his primal force, for it is in the form that the man wears when he quits the earth that he wanders amid the Shades, and thus it is that ACHILLES is present to us as an ever-striving warrior. It may be for our good also, that WINCKELMANN was early taken from us, for from his grave the inspiration of his intellect nerves us, and excites in our minds the most earnest impulse, to set on and ever onward with zeal and love that which he has begun.

THE Art Journal, for September, has three engravings from pictures in the Vernon Gallery. The subjects of these are "The Countess," from Sir T. LAWRENCE'S picture; "A Highland Cottage," by A. FRASER; "The Port of Leghorn," by Sir A. W. CALCOTT. "Ariel," and "A Garden," form subjects of woodcuts for illustrations of passages from poets. The editor continues to give great attention to the progress of preparations for the Great Exhibition; and, notwithstanding that artists, as well as the public generally, are in the full enjoyment of vacation just now, he has never presented a number richer in original articles.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

In passing through Edinburgh, Prince Albert, on the 30th ult., laid the foundation stone for the National Gallery on the Mound.—The statue to the late professor Samuel Cooper, F.R.S., is completed, and a public meeting of medical men will shortly be convened to decide where it shall be placed. Opinion appears to be divided between University College Hospital and the Royal College of Surgeons.—Louis Philippe has presented to the state of the Standish collection of pictures, the possession of which was confirmed to him by a recent award of the Conseil d'Etat.—An equestrian statue of Her Majesty is about to be erected in Glasgow, in commemoration of the Royal visit in 1849.—By letters from Florence we learn that Hiram Powers, the American sculptor, has completed a grand allegorical figure of his country. The statue, a female, has a diadem beneath her feet, and in her hand the cap of liberty. The figure finds her support on the fates, —indicative, it is said, of the fact that justice is the true foundation of a free commonwealth. The destination of the statue is reported to be Washington.—The original engravings of Landseer's "Highland Pastime," and "Devonshire Sport," which are in Landseer's earlier style, and more highly elaborated than his later productions, having become exhausted, the Messrs. Dickinson, of Bond-street, in whom the copyright of the engravings rests, are preparing for publication two fresh prints, which are being executed in a beautiful style of mezzotint.—Amongst the portraits of the late Sir R. Peel, which have recently been exhibited, there is perhaps no one in which fidelity of likeness, both as to features and expression and correctness of drawing and colouring, are better preserved, than in a small half-length picture painted by Mr. J. Linnell about eight or ten years ago, and now to be seen at the establishment of Mr. White, at 28, Maddox-street. The late statesman is represented as he appeared in life, not as if got up for the purpose of sitting for a portrait. His peculiar and characteristic expression is at once recognised, and the artist has been happy in giving the mannerism by which he was distinguished.—A very interesting gallery of views, being the whole of the coloured lithographic drawings hitherto completed, and a number of the original paintings by Mr. Stanfield, R.A., Mr. Cattermole, and the other eminent artists employed in the illustration of the work entitled *Scotland Delineated*, has been opened gratuitously to

the patrons of art, at the establishment of Messrs. Leggatt & Co., 79, Cornhill.—The aggregate amount realized by the sale of the King of Holland's collection is said to be 1,222,837 florins—about 108,000*l*. Of those pictures which have found their way into this country the purchases for the Marquis of Hertford amounted to 15,500*l*. Mr. Woodburn, our readers will have seen, is the largest buyer of drawings. A contemporary states that he bought 108 lots at a cost of about 36,700 florins.—The Paris Exhibition of Works of Living Artists is fixed to commence on the 15th of December next. Englishmen will be allowed to exhibit on exactly the same conditions as natives, provided their works be declared of sufficient merit by a jury nominated by the artists themselves.—The *Art Journal* informs us that a method of ornamenting black marble has recently been discovered, which is by extracting the colouring matter of the marble (bitumen) without injuring its surface; and by extracting the colour to a greater or less degree different shades are produced, giving it the effect of an engraving; indeed the method pursued is nearly the same as aquatint engraving. Another mode of ornamenting black marble is by scratching the polished surface with a steel or diamond point, which produces a white mark of different degrees of intensity according to the depth of the scratch, by which means, in skilful hands, beautiful engravings are produced.

DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The Adelphi company is still at this house, and it has received an important addition by the return of Mr. HUDSON, who has been "starring" for two years in America with great success. He is not only the best Irish actor we have at present, but he sings well, and is a lively performer in parts out of his usual line. When he made his appearance last night in M. Bourcicault's clever play of the *Knight of Aca*, he was received with loud and continued acclamations.

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Mr. FARREN has at length removed his small but well disciplined company to this house. He has produced *Giralda* with almost unexampled rapidity. The original piece, it is stated, is written by Monsieur Scribe, and is at the present moment a source of nightly attraction at the Opera Comique in Paris. It is founded on a story by La Fontaine, and the subject is extremely well adapted to dramatic purposes. The scene is laid in Spain, and the principal characters are *Don Philip of Arragon*, Mr. W. FARREN, jun.; *Don Manuel de Calvados*, Mr. LEIGH MURRAY; *Piquillo*, a miller, Mr. COMPTON; *The Princess Isabel of Arragon*, Mrs. Leigh Murray; and *Giralda*, Mrs. STERLING. The play was most satisfactorily performed, and is to be repeated.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—Mr. PHELPS still wisely pursues his practice of relying upon the higher order of Drama. Beyond the revival of Mr. Leigh Hunt's *Legend of Florence*, there has not been a novelty since the opening of the house. *Hamlet*, which is produced with a great deal of care and taste, and in which Mr. PHELPS plays the *Royal Dane*, has proved the most popular piece.

THE NEW STRAND THEATRE.—Mr. BOLTON has succeeded to the lease of this house, with but little promise of a favourable campaign. *Ballet* is made a leading feature in the performances—a class of display to which the Little Strand is quite unsuited, and from which its reputation is dissociated.

THE COLOSSEUM AND CYCLOPAMA continue to attract numbers of sight seers. No abatement of the spirit with which this elegant place of resort is conducted is discernible.

THE DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—A reduction in the price of admission seems to have been very acceptable to vacation visitors. *The Royal Castle of Stolzenfels*, and *The Shrine of the Nativity*, are still exhibited.

BURFORD'S PANORAMA.—As long as the Arctic Regions and Irish Scenery continue to be the subject of two of Mr. BURFORD'S Panoramas, he seems to incur no danger of an empty house. These pictures are artistic triumphs, and should bring him a fair reward.

THE PANORAMA OF THE NILE (Egyptian Hall), and **THE PANORAMA OF AUSTRALIA** (Leicester Square), still continue open. Each one still has a fair share of the patronage they deserve.

THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—*Punch* ridicules the variety to be found in this institution, forgetting that the variety is so well generalized as to form, in fact, many distinct exhibitions and sources of instruction.

NECROLOGY OF AUTHORS, ARTISTS, AND PHYSICIANS.

M. DE BALZAC.

FRENCH fiction has lost one of its most forcible, fertile, and popular authors, by the recent death of M. de Balzac, which our foreign contemporaries have just announced. We will not here attempt to offer a chronicle of the literary works of this voluminous and vivid writer. Many curious particulars of the history of his mind and works were given by M. Jules Janin in the French series which he contributed to the papers on the "Literature of the Nineteenth Century" that appeared in our columns seventeen years ago (see *Athenaeum*, No. 499.) It will be enough to state here that M. de Balzac was a native of Touraine, by some years older than the present century. He was educated at college, and thence passed at once into the whirl of Parisian literary life; for many years writing and publishing obscurely under the pseudonyme of Horace de St. Aubin, and only in 1829 signing his "Peau de Chagrin" with the real name which was subsequently to become so famous. His earlier tales, so far as we recollect them, were comparatively crude and hasty sketches, lacking truth and distinctive character. To some writers, however, this profusion of attempt by way of preparation, is necessary—ripening in place of exhausting their faculties. While a Scott comes at once to his meridian as a novelist in "Waverley,"—a Thackeray tries his hand year after year on this and the other combination ere he arrives at a "Vanity Fair." It is the career not before, but after the arrival which marks the place of the author; and among some hundred novels which succeeded the proclamation of M. de Balzac's identity, we need but mention "Le Père Goriot," "La Femme de Trente Ans," (that most exquisite picture of Beauty in the afternoon of her charms and triumphs—still charming, still triumphant!) "Eugénie Grandet," and "Un Grand Homme de Province à Paris," as indications of the richness of the vein, when once, by experiment, and after difficulty and with experience, it was opened. Greater power has rarely been put forth in fiction than the above works display. It is true that we have in them too much of the anatomy of bad passions and false morals, (the fault of the author, or of the society depicted by him?) but withal such a clearness of vision—such a direct attack on our sympathies or antipathies—such a mastery over the craft of story-telling, as enthrall us with a fascination the like of which is rarely evoked on this side of the Channel. Though we are grieved—pained—revolted—we are still held as fast by one of M. de Balzac's novels as was the Wedding Guest by the "Ancient Mariner" till the tale was told out. For the moment the prodigious fecundity of M. de Balzac may have stood in the way of his gaining a high literary reputation; but it is assured, we think, for the future, in right of the works specified and some dozen besides.—Tempted by the great gains which attend theatrical success in Paris, M. de Balzac frequently, of later days, tried the stage; but there he kept his repulsiveness, without making any dramatic effect. It is as a novelist that he must live in the history of French literature of the nineteenth century:—before M. Sue the social, and M. Paul de Kock the comical,—betwixt M. Hugo, the poet-romancer, and M. Dumas, the manufacturing poet.—*Athenaeum*.

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

AN invention has been patented, called the "Autographic Press," by which a letter written on prepared paper can be transferred by a short process to a metallic plate, from which any number of copies may afterwards be taken on common paper, and by ordinary pressure.

A NEW FOSSIL FUEL.—A most interesting discovery has been made in Russia, between Dorpat and Norva, of a combustible as carboniferous and calefactory as coal. It is of a yellowish brown colour, with white spots, and is the subject of much speculation, being said to be of a much earlier geological period than any known coal-field.—*Mining Journal*.

ASTRONOMICAL COMPARISONS.—Professor Airy having stated to the Lords of the Treasury that Mr. Otto von Struve, one of the astronomers of the Imperial Observatory of Pulkova, near St. Petersburg, was expected to arrive in England, bringing with him the standard bar employed in the great Indian survey, which has been entrusted to the Russian astronomers for comparison with the standards used in the great Russian survey, and that it was important that this standard bar should be landed in its case with as little disturbance as possible, their Lordships have desired one of their secretaries to give the necessary directions to the proper authorities, in order that the standard

bar in question might be examined with the utmost possible care, and be at once delivered.

NEWLY DISCOVERED METAL.—According to a paper read before the Stockholm Academy of Sciences, a new metal has been discovered by M. Ulgrén, and has received the name *Aridium*. This substance is found principally in the chrome-iron ores of Reoräs. Its oxides show some analogy to those of iron, but may be distinguished from them by several re-actions. Thus, with prussiate of potash, a solution of the peroxide gives, indeed, like iron, a dark blue precipitate, but on adding excess of the prussiate, it passes into a dirty green. Metallic aridium has not yet been obtained.

M. Guillen y Calomarde has just discovered a new telescopic star between the polar star and *Cynosure*, near to the rise of the tail of the Little Bear—a star at least that certainly did not exist in October last. M. Calomarde endeavoured to determine if this star could be the same as that observed by Arzachel de Tolède in 1109, and which disappeared three years after it was first seen. He found, however, that this could not be, for the old star was placed in the body of the Little Bear, and the new one is much nearer the polar star, and farther from *Cynosure*. According to the observations of M. Calomarde, the new star should have an increasing brilliancy, and it is likely that in less than a month this star, which is now visible only through a telescope, may be seen with the naked eye.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A NEW edition, the fourth, of *Mary Barton* is in the press.—John Ruskin, the eloquent critic, has a volume on Architecture in the press, which is to prepare the way for his work on the *Stones of Venice*.—Thackeray has made an agreement for a new Christmas Book.—A new work for children is announced by George Sand, to be illustrated by her son Maurice; its title is *Histoire d'un véritable Gribouille*.—A General Index to the *Edinburgh Review* from the fifty-first to the eightieth volume, inclusive, is at length published.—Bulwer has commenced a new novel in *Blackwood*.

A Life of Sir Robert Peel, in two vols., giving an historical account of his public career and his best speeches, is announced by Professor Kunzel, of Darmstadt.—The Senate of the University of Padua is preparing for publication two curious works, of which the manuscripts are in the library of that establishment. One is a translation in Hebrew verse of the *Divina Commedia* of Dante, by Samuel Rieti, Grand Rabbi of Padua in the sixteenth century. The second is a translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, likewise in Hebrew, in stanzas of eighteen verses of a very complicated metre, from the pen of the Rabbi Sabbati-Mari, the successor of Rieti, who was celebrated as a philosopher and physician. He died in the year 1680, in the 94th year of his age.—Mr. Robert Stephenson has declined the honour of knighthood.—M. Philarete Chasles, in his eloquent and just obituary notice of M. de Balzac, contributed to the *Journal des Débats*, recalls an anecdote worth noting as a trait of character. In M. de Balzac's library, some years ago, there was found by a visitor a statuette of Napoleon in plaster, with a strip of paper wafered to it *en bandeau*, and on the strip of paper was written,—“That which Napoleon left unfinished with his sword, I will complete with my pen! Honoré de Balzac.”—From some law proceedings before one of the Paris courts, reported in the newspapers, it appears that M. Ledru Rollin has had to bring an action against the purchaser of the copyright of his famous *Decadence of England*, to recover payment of the bills of exchange given for the work. The unfortunate purchaser has pleaded in his defence that the work has not sold at all, and that he has got whole rooms full of copies, or, as he expressed it, “nightingales” (the technical term of French publishers for unsaleable works.)—The Minister of the Interior has decided that the marble bust of M. de Balzac shall be placed in the gallery of the celebrated men of the 19th century in the Museum of Versailles. He at the same time decided that the marble necessary for the statue shall be offered to the subscription formed for raising a monument to the celebrated writer.—The Rev. Dr. Jeremie, recently elected Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, has received from the Court of Directors, in consideration of his services during twenty years as Classical Professor and Dean at the East India Civil College, the present of a valuable piece of plate.—The *Monteur* publishes a decree of the French President, declaring the professorship of Mathematics in the Colleges of France, held by M. Libri, to be vacant, in consequence of his absence, and that the amount of salary due to M. Libri is to be returned to the Treasury. A second decree declares that the seat in the Academy of Science (section of

geometry), hitherto occupied by M. Libri, is vacant, in consequence of his having quitted France on the 28th of February, 1848.

The reading-rooms of the British Museum were opened last week, when the readers were gratified with the exhibition of a "supplementary" catalogue in 150 volumes. Two copies are placed in the room for the use of the public, whose convenience has also been consulted by a new arrangement of lights, desks, seats, and of volumes for reference; indeed, the works now standing close to the hand of every reader form a splendid library in themselves, collected for gentlemen of moderate attainments in general literature.—A newspaper in the German language, called the *Sued Australische Zeitung*, has been established in Adelaide, and appears to be conducted with great ability.—The telegraphic wires between Dover and Cape Grinez were laid down and got into operation on Wednesday week, and despatches are now passing by their means. The distance is twenty-one miles from point to point.—A despatch has been received at the Admiralty from Sir G. Simpson, dated Norway House, 26th June, 1850, which brings the unsatisfactory announcement that no information can yet be given respecting the fate of the expedition under Sir John Franklin; no advices having been received there from the Arctic regions since the arrival of the express which conveyed Chief Factor Rae's letter up to the 29th of November.—The first castings for the iron columns for the building in Hyde Park were delivered on the ground on Saturday week, having arrived the previous day at the Kensington basin, from the foundry at Dudley. The sashes are being made in London, and it is expected that several hundred hands, in a very few days, will be engaged on the works.—The Rev. Dr. Bardin, librarian to the Bodleian library at Oxford, having represented to the Lords of the Treasury that he has purchased at Posen, for that library, a large collection of books of Polish history and literature, their lordships have given directions to the proper authorities of the revenue for the free delivery of the books for the purpose stated. The collection alluded to, contained in several packages, has arrived in a steam ship from Hamburg.—The number of journals and periodicals at present published in Russia is 154, of which 64 appear at St. Petersburg, 13 at Moscow, 22 in the Baltic provinces, and the rest in different parts of the empire. Only 108 of them are in the Russian language; the others are in German, French, Polish, &c.—The members of the Royal Academy will proceed next week to fill up the office of President, vacant by the lamented death of Sir Martin Archer Shee. There are in the field for the honourable position several distinguished candidates, including Eastlake, Leslie, and Pickersgill. The claims of Landseer and Turner have also been freely canvassed, but it is not certain that either of the latter gifted academicians could undertake, if elected, to discharge the duties of the Presidency, so numerous and onerous are their professional "engagements" for the next three years.

Among the statutes of the recent session was one passed on the 14th ult., to extend and amend the acts relating to the copyright of designs. Designs of nearly every description may now be "provisionally registered" for one year, which registration will confer peculiar benefit on the parties in the protection of the designs, and prevent piracy. The exhibition of provisionally registered designs in any public place, such as the "Great Exhibition," where articles are not exposed to sale, and to "which the public are not admitted gratuitously," is not to defeat the right of copyright in such designs. The sale of articles to which provisionally registered designs have been applied, will defeat the copyright, but will not prevent the party from selling the design. By this act sculpture, models, &c., may be registered. The Board of Trade is authorized to make regulations for the registration of designs. It seems that the public books and documents in the Design-office have been frequently produced in courts of law, and in future such production is not to take place without a judge's order; but copies may be given in evidence. This statute extends the protection of the designs acts of 1842 and 1843 to a considerable extent.—The new act for enabling Town Councils to establish Public Libraries and Museums is now operative, having received the Royal assent on the day before the close of the recent session. The act 8 & 9 Vict. c. 43, for "encouraging the Establishment of Museums in large Towns," is repealed, and this act may be adopted in any municipal borough; the object being, as expressed, "to give greater facilities than now exist for establishing and extending public museums of art and science in municipal boroughs, for the instruction and recreation of the people." In any borough, the population of which exceeds 10,000, the mayor, on the request of the town council, may ascertain by the votes

of the burgesses whether the act shall be adopted. When adopted in a borough, all necessary things are to be provided out of a rate of not more than one half-penny in the pound in the year. The public libraries and museums are to be held by the town council in trust for the benefit of the inhabitants. The admission to such libraries and museums is to be free of all charges. There are eleven sections in the act, and, notwithstanding the former one is repealed, museums begun or established may be maintained under the present act.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

SONNET.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

The spirit quailth when the body pines,
Opprest by inward pains that have no name,
And, hope-deserted, makes its sad acclaim
To the deliverer, Death; upon whose shrines
Fain would I lay an offering of my fame,
My right to friendship, and my sense of shame,
So I could purchase rest! No sun, that shines
How'er so bright, discovers by its flame
The secret worm that eats my health! In vain
I call on Science to point out the ill
And shape the cure;—to quench the cruel fire
Within, I summon graveyard dews; but still
Hope comes not, singing thus on prophet-lyre—
"Behold, there is a cloud, and it will rain!"

FROM THE NINTH CANTO OF DANTE'S INFERNO.

TRANSLATED BY J. CAYLEY.

[The Devils having shut against Dante and Virgil the gate of the city of Dis, and the Furies appearing on the towers, an Angel comes to open to them.]

I saw there in a moment shoot upright
Three hellish Furies, all with gore embrown'd;
Of female limbs and haviour to the sight.
They were with greenest hydras girt around,
And snakes and horned vipers had for hair,
By which their haughty temples were embow'd,
Then he, well knowing who those handmaids were,
Unto the queen of endless misery,
Said: "Look upon the fierce Erinnyes there.
Thou may'st upon our left Megæra see;
Alceste on the right hand maketh wail:
Betwixt," he ended, "is Tisiphone."
Each of them beat and clove with palm and nail
Her bosom, calling out in such loud tone
As made me fast beside the poet quail.
"Let come Medusa; yea, we'll make him stone,"
They shouted, gazing at our place below:
"His outrage Theseus did not ill atone."
"Turn thee about, and keep thy face down low;
For, if the Gorgon come, and if thou see,
Full surely upward shalt thou never go."
So said my master; and so likewise he
Turned me, nor only to my hands was fain
To trust, but with his own blindfolded me.—
O you that sound intelligence retain,
To scan the hidden lore do you endeavour,
Below the cover of the mystic strain—
And now there came along the turbid river
The crashing of an uproar full of dread,
That made on either side the margins quiver;
Not otherwise than as a wind that, sped
By the confronting heats, impetuously
Falls on the forests, and, by nothing stayed,
Breaks branches down, and carries flowers from tree,
And, sweeping proudly forwards, dust-enroll'd,
Makes both the cattle and the herdsmen flee:
Then said he, loosing from mine eyes his hold:
"Thy seeing nerve adown this ancient sunn
Direct, this way that bitterest fumes enfold."
As frogs, that see the hostile serpent come,
Disperse along the waters to their holes,
Till in the ground they nestle all and some,
I saw above a thousand blasted souls
Fly thus before the face of one who passed
Over the Styx at ford with unwet soles.
He waved in front his left hand oft and fast,
Removing from his brow the sluggish air,
And by this travail only seemed downcast.
That Heaven had sent him I was well aware;
And my wise guide made signs I should remain
Still, and should bow my head before him there.
Ah me! how full he seem'd of disdain!
He came up to the gate, which open flew
Before his wand, that nothing could refrain.
"O you, cast out from Heaven, condemn'd crew,"
Thus on the horrid threshold he exclaimed,
"Why does that squerdry abide in you?
Why kick against the will that's never maimed
Of his achievement and result, nor lopped,
And which your further bale has often framed?
Why dash at gate which destiny hath stopp'd?
Your Cerberus, for this you bear in mind,
Retaineth hence his chin and gullet cropp'd.
Then turned he to the cloudy path behind,
Nor spoke, nor beckoned us, but semblance wore
Of one that by some care of other kind
Was nipp'd and graved than those beside him bore.
And thus we turned our footsteps toward the land,
After these hallowed words, nought fearing more,
And enter'd; there was no one to withstand.

SCRAPS FROM THE NEW BOOKS.

INDESTRUCTIBILITY OF ENJOYMENT.—Mankind are always happier for having been happy; so that if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence, by the memory of it. A childhood passed with a due mixture of rational indulgence, under fond and wise parents, diffuses over the whole of life a feeling of calm pleasure; and in extreme old age, is the very last remembrance which time can erase from the mind of man. No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life, from having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure, which contributes to render old men so inattentive to the scenes before them; and carries them back to a world that is past, and to scenes never to be renewed again.—*Sidney Smith.*

ANECDOTE OF DR. CHALMERS.—While very busily engaged one forenoon in his study a man entered, who at once propitiated him under the provocation of an unexpected interruption, by telling him that he had called under great distress of mind. "Sit down, sir; be good enough to be seated, said Dr. Chalmers, turning eagerly and full of interest from his writing table. The visitor explained to him that he was troubled with doubts about the Divine origin of the Christian religion; and being kindly questioned as to what those were, he gave among others what is said in the Bible about Melchizedek being without father and mother, &c. Patiently and anxiously Dr. Chalmers sought to clear away each successive difficulty as it was stated. Expressing himself as if greatly relieved in mind, and imagining that he had gained his end, "Doctor," said the visitor, "I am in great want of a little money at present, and perhaps you could help me in that way." At once the object of the visit was seen. A perfect tornado of indignation burst upon the deceiver, driving him in very quick retreat to the street door, these words escaping among others—"Not a penny, sir; not a penny! It's too bad! It's too bad! And to haul in your hypocrisy upon the shoulders of Melchizedek!"

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

BIRTH.

Cox.—On the 12th September, at Taunton, the wife of Edward W. Cox, Esq., of Russell Square, London, of a son.
CUNNINGHAM.—On the 26th August, at Kensington, the wife of Peter Cunningham, Esq., of a son.

MARRIAGES.

REEKS.—HOWARD.—On the 11th September, at St. James's, Piccadilly, Trenham Reeks, Esq., of the Museum of Practical Geology, to Christina Caroline, second daughter of Abraham Howard, Esq., of Eccleston-square.
RIDLEY.—COTTER.—On the 11th April, at Sidney, by special licence, by the Rev. Dr. Lang, the Rev. William Ridley, B.A., of the University College of London, and Professor of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew in the Australian College, Sydney, son of William Ridley, Esq., of Felsted, Essex, to Isabella, fourth daughter of the Rev. Joseph Rogerson Cotter, rector of Donoughmore, in the county of Cork.
WAKLEY.—BLAKE.—On the 10th September, by the Rev. Canon Dale, M.A., Thomas H. Wakley, Esq., F.R.C.S., surgeon to the Royal Free Hospital, of Guilford-street, eldest son of Thomas Wakley, Esq., M.P. for Finsbury, of Harfield-park, Middlesex, to Harriette Anne, third daughter of Francis Blake, Esq., of Cavendish-road, St. John's Wood, and Money-hill, Herts.

DEATHS.

CLIFFORD.—On the 5th September, at the house of her son-in-law (Mr. W. Harrison), No. 1, Frith-street, Soho, Mrs. W. Clifford, 28 years a member of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, deeply regretted by all who knew her.
COLMAN.—On the 9th September, at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Wilmot, Emsbridge, in the Isle of Wight, the Hon. Miss Colman, Maid of Honour to Her late Majesty Queen Charlotte.
DODD.—Recently, at Liverpool, aged 80, Thomas Dodd, the well-known print-collector, and author of "The Connoisseur's Repertory," and numerous papers on subjects of art.
EGERTON.—At Brompton, last week, aged 57, Mrs. Egerton, a lady not surpassed by any upon the stage in a particular line of parts—witness her *Meg Merrilies* and others.
HENRYS.—At Neufchateau, in his 88th year, M. Francois Joseph Henrys, one of the oldest deputies to the first Legislative Assembly.
INGRAM.—On the 5th September, aged 78, after a short illness, at his lodgings, Trinity College, the Rev. James Ingram, D.D., F.S.A., President of Trinity College, and rector of Garlington, Oxon. Dr. Ingram published his "Memorials of Oxford," a work of great antiquarian research, in 1827. He was also the author of "A Translation of the Saxon Chronicle," an "Inaugural Lecture on the Utility of Anglo-Saxon Literature," an edition of "Quintilian de Institutione Oratoria," a "Topographical Memoir of Codford St. Mary, Wilts," and was, we believe a frequent contributor to *The Gentleman's Magazine* and the *Transactions of the Archaeological Institute*.
WARRING.—A few days since, at his deanery in the county of Antrim, in the 85th year of his age, the Very Rev. Holt Warring, Dean of Dromore.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS, MUSIC, ENGRAVINGS, AND WORKS OF ART,

From September 1, to September 14, 1850.

[N.B.—The following list is obtained from the returns of the Publishers themselves, and its accuracy may, therefore, be relied on.]

ARCHAEOLOGICAL.

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